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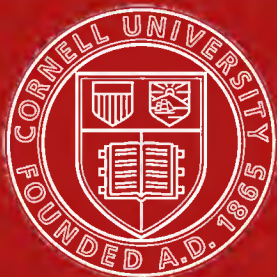
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The death of Robert, earl of Huntington



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

Date of only known original edition 1601

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

1601

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

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Am.

The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

1601

This facsimile is from an original copy in the British Museum. There are other examples in Bodley and at South Kensington (Dyce).

For what is known of Munday see the "D.N.B.," but as I have already pointed out the bibliography there given of the subject of the memoir is not always accurate.

The present reproduction is, subject to the usual limitations of collotype, very well done indeed. Here and there is observable the barest tendency to excess in tone, but beyond that there is little, if anything, on which to remark.

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE
DEATH OF
ROBERT, EARLE
OF HUNTINGTON.

(*)

OTHERWISE CALLED
Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde:
with the lamentable Tragedie of chaste

MATILDA, his fairemaid MARIAN,
poysoned at Dunmowe by King

JOHN.

Acted by the Right Honourable, the Earle of
Notingham, Lord high Admirall of
England, his servants.



Imprinted at London, for William
Leake, 1601.



THE DEATH OF ROBERT, EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

(* *)

¶ Enter Frier Tucke.

SCENE. I.

Frier.



Holla, holla, holla: follow, follow, fol-
lowe. Like noyle within.
Now benedicite, what fowle absur-
dittie, follie & foolerie had like to fol-
lowed mee? I & my mates, like adole-
pates, inuiting great States, to see
our last play, are hunting the hay,
with ho, that way, the goodly Heart ranne, with followe
little Iohn, Much play the man; and I, like a lot, haue
wholly forgot the course of our plot: but crosse-bowe
lye downe, come on Friers gowne, hoode couer my
crowne, and with a lowe becke, preuent a sharpe
checke.
Blithe sit yge all, and winke at our rude cry,
Winde where wee left, in Sheerewod merrily,
The king, his traine, Robin, his yeomen fall
Gone to the wodde to see the fat deare fall.
Wee left maid Marian busie in the bower,
And prettie lunny looking, euery hower,

A 2

F 02

THE DEATH OF ROBERT

For their returning from the hunting game,
 And therefore seeke to set each thing in frame.
 Warman all woofull for his sinne we left.
 Sir Doncaster; whose villanies and theft,
 You neuer heard of, but too soone yee shall,
 Hurt with the Poyson; shame them both befall,
 They two will make our might be short and small,
 But least I bring yee sorrowe ere the time,
 Pardon I beg of your well iudging eyne,
 And take in part bad prologue, and rude play:
 The hunters holloo, Tucke must needes away.
 Therefore downe weede, howe doe the deede, to make
 the Stagge bleede, and if my hand speede, hey for a cry,
 to a throte strained hie, & a lowde fall, at the beasts
 fall.

Exit. Holloo within

Enter King, Ely, Fitzwater, Salisbury, Chester,
 Prince Iohn, little Iohn, Scathlocke.

Kin. Where is our mother?

Pr. Iohn. Hounted in a stand.

Sir fallowe deere haue dyed by her hand.

Fitz. Three Stags I slewe.

Ely. Two Bucks by me fell downe.

Chest. As many dyed by mee.

Sal. But I had three.

Prin. Scathlocke, wheres Much?

Sca. When last I saw him, may it please your Grace,
 He and the frier footed it apace.

Prin. Scathlocke, no Grace, your fellowe & plaine Iohn.

Lit. Ioh. I warrant you, Much will be here anone.

Pr. Thinkst thou little Iohn, that he must linny wed?

Lit. Ioh. No doubt he must.

Prin. Then to adorne his head, we shall haue hoznes
 good store.

King. God, for thy grace,

How

Earle of Huntington.

How could I misse the Stagge I had in chase?
Twice did I hit him in the very necke,
When backe my arrowes flew, as they had smit
On some sure armour. Where is Robin Hood,
And y^e wighte Scarlet? Secke them little Iohn, Exit Ioh.
He haue that Stagge before I dine to day.

¶ Enter *Much.*

Much. O the frier, the frier, the frier.

King. Why, how now *Much*?

Cry ye mercy, master king. Warry this is the matter;
Scarlet is following the Stagge you hit, and has almost
lodg'd him: now the frier has the best bowe, but
yours, in all the field: which and Scarlet had, he would
haue him straight.

King. Where is thy master?

Much. Nay, I cannot tell, nor the frier neither.

Scath. I heare them holloo, farre off in the wood.

King. Come *Much*, canst lead vs where as Scarlet is?

Muc. Neuer feare you; follow me, *Exeunt*, hollooming.

SCENE. II.

¶ Enter *Sir Doncaster, Prior.*

Don. You were resolu'd to haue him paysoned,
O; kild, or made away, you car'd not how.

What duell makes you doubtfull now to doot?

Pri. Why *Doncaster*? his kindnesse in our needes.

Don. A plague vpon his kindnesse, let him die.
I neuer temper'd payson in my life, but I imploy'd it.

By th'masse and I loose this,
For euer looke to loose my company.

Pri. But will you giue it him?

Don. That cannot bee.

The *Ducene*, *Earle Chester*, and *Earle Salisbury*,
If they once see mee, I am a deade man:

The death of Robert.

Do they heare my name, Ile lay my life,
They all would hunt me, for my life.

Pri. What hast thou done to them?

Don. Faith, some odde toys,
That made me fly the south: but passe we them:
Here is the popson: will you giue it Robin?

Pri. Now by this gold I will.

Don. As I said, for euer I desire your company.

Pri. Well, he shall die, and in his sollicitie:
And in my head I haue a policy
To make him die disgrac't.

Don. Tell it Pri.

Pri. I will, but not as now: Call the Frier within,
Weele seeke a place, the woods haue many eares,
And some methinks are calling for the Frier, Excunt.

SCENE. III.

¶ Enter, calling the Frier, as afore.

Ioh. The Frier, the Frier?

Scath. Why, where's this Frier?

Fri. Here sir, what is your desire?

¶ Enter Robin Hoode.

Rob. Why Frier, what a murren dost thou meane?
The King calls for thee. For, a mightie stagge,
(That hath a copper ring about his necke,
With letters on it, which hee would haue read)
Hath Scarlethild. I pray thee goe thy way.

Fri. Haster I will, no longer will I stay. Exit.

Rob. Good vnkle be moze carefull of your healeth,
And you sir Doncaster, your wounds are greene.

Both. Through your great kindnes, we are cōforted.

Rob. And Warman, I aduise you to moze mirth.
Shun solitary walkes, keepe company,
Forget your fault: I haue forgien the fault.
Good Warman be moze blithe, and at this time,
A little helpe my Marian and her maide:

Much

Earle of Huntington.

much shall come to you straight: a little now,
We must all strive to do the best we may, Exit, winding.

War. On you and her I lewaite, untill my dying day.

Excunt, and as they are going out, *Doncaster* puls

Warman.

Don. Warman a word, My good Lord Prior and I
Are full of griefe, to see thy misery.

War. My misery, sir Doncaster? why? I thanke God,
I neuer was in better state than now.

Pri. Why, what a seruile slauih minde hast thou?
Art thou a man, and canst be such a beast,

As-like to beare the burthen of thy wrong?

War. What wrong haue I? Ist wrong to be relieu'd?

Don. Relieu'd saist thou?

Why, shallow witted foole,

Dost thou not see Robins ambitious pride?

And how he clymes by pittyping, and aspires,

By humble lookes, good deedes, and such fond toyes,

To be a monarch, raigning ouer vs,

As if wee were the bassals to his will?

War. I am his bassall, and I will be still.

Pri. Warman, thou art a foole. I doe confesse,

Were these good deedes done in sinceritie,

Pittie of minde, thine or this knights distresse,

Withouth vaine braggs, it were true charitie:

But to relieue our fainting bodies wants,

And grieue our soules with quippes, and bitter brayds,

Is good turnes ouerturnd: no thanks wee owe

To any, whatsoeuer helps vs so.

War. Neither himselfe, noz any that hee keepes,

Euer vppaided mee, since I came last.

Don. O God haue mercie on thee, silly asse-

Dost he not say to euery guest that comes;

This same is Warman, that was once my steward?

War. And what of that?

The death of Robert

Pri. Itt not as much to say;

Why, here he stands that once did mee betray.

Don. Did hee not bring a troope to grace himselte,
Like Captiues waiting on a conqurours chaire,
And calling of them out, by one and one,
Presented them, like fairings, to the king?

Pri. O, Itt here was a rare inuention:

A plague vpon the foole.

I hate him worse for that than all the rest.

War. Why should you hate him? why should you or you
Enuie this noble Lord, thus as you doe?

Don. Nay rather, why dost thou not toyne in hate
With vs, that lately liu'dst like vs, in wealthy state?
Remember this, remember foolish man,
How thou hast bene the Shyene of Noringham.

Pri. Cry to thy thoughts, let this thought neuer cease,
I haue bene Iustice of my Soueraignes peace,
Lord of faire liuings: men with cap and knee,
In lueries waited howersly on mee.

Don. And when thou thinkst, thou hast bene such & such,
Thinke then what tis to be a mate to Much,
To runne when Robin bids, come at his call,
Be mistresse Marians man.

Pri. Nay thinke withall

War. What shall I thinke? but thinke vpon my need,
When men fed dogs, and me they would not feede:
When I despaired through want, and sought to die,
By pitious master, of his charitte,

Forgaue my fault, relieu'd and saued mee:

This doe I thinke vpon, and you should thinke
(If you had hope of soules saluation)

First Prioz, that he is of thy flesh and bloode,
That thou art unkle unto Robin Hood:

That by extortion thou didst get his lands:

God, and I know how it came to thy hands:

How

Earle of Huntington.

How thou put'st him in his misery,
And how heauen plagu'd thy hearts extremitie:
Thinke Doncaster, when, hired by this Prioz,
Thou cam'st to take my master with the Frier,
And wert thy selfe tane, how he let thee free,
Gane thee an hundred pound to comfort thee,
And both bethinke yee how but yesterday,
Wounded and naked in the felde you lay,
How with his owne hand he did raise your heads,
How he balme into your wounds, your bodies fed,
Watcht when yee slept, wept when he sawe your woe,
Don. Stay Warman, stay: I graunt that he did so,
And you, turne honest, haue forsworne the villaine:
War. Euen from my soule, I villany desie.
Pri. A blessed hower: a fit time now to die:
Don. And you shall, Conscience. Stab him, he fals.
War. O forgive mee, God,
And saue my master from their bloodie hands.

Pri. What, hast thou made him sure?

Don. Its deade sure: he is dead, if that be sure.

Pri. Then let vs thrust the dagger in his hand,
And when the next comes, cry he kild himselfe.

Don. That must be now: ponder comes Robin Hood.

No life in him.

Pri. No, no, not any life.

Three mortall wounds haue let in piercing ayre,

And at their gaps, his life is cleane let out.

Rob. Who is it vncle that you so bemoane?

Pri. Warman, good nephew, whom sir Doncaster & I

Found freshly bleeding, as he now doth lye.

You were scarce gone, when he did stab himselfe.

Ro. O God, he in his own hand bound his own hartes

I dreadd too much his distressed looke: (hurr,

Belike the wretch despaird, and slew himselfe.

Don. Nay, thats most sure, yet he had little reason,

The death of Robert.

Considering how well you vsed him.

Rob. Well, I am soyle; but must not be sad,
Because the King is conning to my bowler.
Helpe mee, I pray thee, to remooue his bodie,
Least he should come and see him murdered.
Sometime anone he shall be buried.

Exit.

Pri. Good, all is good: this is as I desire,
Now for a face of pure hypocrisie:
Sweete murder, cloath thee in religious weedes,
Raigne in my bosome, that with helpe of thee,
I may effect this Robins Tragedie.

¶ Enter Robin, Doncaster.

Do. Nay, nay, you must not take this thing so heauily;

Rob. A bodies losse, sir Doncaster, is much:
But a soules too, is moze to be bemon'd.

Pri. Truly I wonder at your vertuous minde:
O God to one so kinde, who'ud be unkinde!
Let goe this griefe, now must you pat on ioy,
And for the many fauours I haue found,
So much exceeding all conceipt of mine,
Unto your cheere, Ile adde a pzetious drinke,
Of colour rich, and red, sent mee from Rome,
There's in it moly, Syrian Balsamum,
Golds rich Elixer: O tis pzetious!

Rob. Where is it vncle?

Pri. As yester day,
Sir Doncaster and I rid on our way,
Theeues did beset vs, bound vs as you sawe:
And among other things, did take from mee,
This rich confection: but regardlesly,
As comimon drinke, they cast, into a bush,
The bottle, which this day sir Doncaster
Fetcht, and hath left it in the inner lodging?
I tell you cosin (I doe loue you well)
A pint of this ranfomde the Sophies soune,

When

Earle of Huntington.

When he was taken in Natolia,
I meant indeede to giue it my liege Lord,
In hope to haue his fauour: but to you
I put my selfe, be my good friend,
And, in your owne restoring, mee restore.

Rob. Ankle I will, you neede brge that no more.
But whats the vertues of this pretious drinke?

pri. It keeps fresh youth, restores diseased sight,
Helps natures weakenesse, smotheres the scars of wounds,
And cooles the intrals with a balmie breath,
When they by thirst or trauell boyle with heate.

Rob. Ankle I thanke you, pray you let me haue
A cuppe prepared, gainst the king comes in,
To coole his heate: my selfe will giue it him.

pri. And when he drinks, be bold to say he drinks
A richer draught than that dissolued pearle,
Which Cleopatra dranke to Antonie.

Rob. I haue much businesse; let it be your charge,
To make this rich draught readie for the King,
And I will quit it, pray yee doe not faile. Exit.

pri. I warrant you, good Nephew.

Don. Better, and better still.

We thought before but to haue paysond him,
And now shall Robin Hoode destroy the king.
Euen when the King, y^e Ducene, the Prince, the Lords
Joy in his vertues, this supposed vice
Will turne, to sharpe hate, their exceeding loue.

Pri. Ha, ha, ha, I cannot chuse but laugh,

To see my cosin cosend in this sort.

Faile him quoth you? nay hang mee if I doe.

But Doncaster art sure the paysons are well mixt?

Don. Tut, tut, let me alone for paysoning:

I haue already turnd ore foure, or fiae,

That angered mee. But tell mee Prioz,

Wherefore so deadly dost thou hate thy cosin?

The death of Robert.

Pri. Shall I be plaine? Because if he were deade,
I should be made the Earle of Huntington.

Don. A prettie cause: But thou a church-man art.

Pri. Tut man, if that would fall,

Ile haue a dispensation, and turne tempoꝝall.

But tell mee Doncaster, why dost thou hate him?

Don. By the Masse, I cannot tel. O yes, now I ha't,

I hate thy cousin, Earle of Huntington,

Because so many loue him as there doe,

And I my selfe am loued of so fewe.

Ray, I haue other reasons for my hate;

Hee is a foole, and will be reconcilde,

To anie foe hee hath: he is too milde,

Too honest for this world, fitter for heauen:

Hee will not kill these greedie cozmozants,

Nor strippe base peasants of the wealth they haue:

He does abuse a thieues name and an outlawes,

And is inderde no outlawe, nor no theefe,

He is unworthy of such reuerent names.

Besides, he keepes a paltry whinling gire,

And will not bed, forsooth, before he hyde:

Ile stand too't, he abuses maidenhead,

That will not take it, being offered:

Hinders the common wealth of able men.

Another thing I hate him for againe:

He saies his praiers, safs eues, giues alms, does good:

For these and such like crimes, sweares Doncaster,

To worke the speedie death of Robin Hoode,

Pri, Well said yfaith. Marke, hark, the king returns:

To doe this deede, my heart like fuel burns. Exeunt.

SCENE. IIII.

¶ Windehornes. Enter King, Queene, *John*, *Fitzwater*,
Ely, *Chester*, *Salisbury*, *Lester*, little *John*, *Frier Tuck*, *Scar-*
let, *Scathlocke*, and *Much*, *Frier Tuck* carrying a Stags
head, dauncing.

King.

Earle of Huntington.

King. Gramercy Frier for thy glee,
Thou greatly hast contented mee,
What with thy sporting and thy game,
I sweare I highly pleased am.

Fri. It was my masters whole desire
That maiden, yeoman, swaine and frier
Their arts and wits should all apply,
For pleasure of your Maiestie.

Qu. Sonne Richard, looke I pray you on the ring,
That was about the necke of the last stagge.

Chest. Was his name Scarlet, that shot off his necke?

Iohn. Chester, it was this honest fellow Scarlet:
This is the fellowe, and a yeoman bold,
As euer courtst the swift Hart on the molde.

King. Frier, heres somewhat gra'd vpon the Ring,
I pray thee reade it. Peane while list to mee;
This while, most compassing the Frier about the Ring.
Scarlet and Scathlock, you hold byetheren,
Twelue pence a day I giue each for his fee,
And henceforth see pee liue like honest men.

Both. We will my Liege, else let vs dye the death.

Much. A boone, a boone, vpon my knee,
Good king Richard, I begge of thee.
For indeede sir, the troth is, much is my father, and hee
is one of your tenants in Kings Mill at Wakefield all on
a greene: And there dwelleth a tolly pinder, at Wake-
field all on a greene: Now I would haue you, if you wil
doe so much for mee, to set mee forward in the way of
marriage to Inny: the mill would not be cast away v-
pon vs.

King. Much, be thou euer master of that mill,
I giue it thee for thine inheritance.

Much. Thanks pretious Prince of curtesie.
He to Inny, and tell her of my lands pfaith.

Ioh. Here Frier, here, here it begins,

Exit

Fri.

The death of Robert

Fri. read. When Harold bare-footed raigned king,
About my necke he put this ring.

King. In Harolds time, moze than a hundred yeare,
Hath this ring bene about this newe statue Deere!
I am sozpy now it dyde: but let the same
Head, ring and all be sent to Notingham,
And in the Castle kept for monuments.

Fitz. My Liege, I heard an olde tale long agoe,
That Harold being Goodwins sonne of Kent,
When he had got faire Englands government,
Hunted for pleasure once within this wood,
And singled out a faire and stately Stagge,
Which foote to foote, the king in running caught:
And sure this was the Stagge.

King. It was no doubt.

Chelt. But some my Lord affirme,
That Iulius Cæsar many yeares befoze,
Tooke such a Stag, and such a Poetrie wzt.

King. It should not be in Iulius Cæsarstime:
There was no English vsed in this Land,
Untill the Saxons came, and this is wzt
In Saxon characters.

Ioh. Well, 'twas a goodly beast.

¶ Enter Robin Hood.

King. How now earle Robert:

Fri. A forset, a forset, my liege Lord.
My matters lawes are on record,
The Court-roll here your Grace may see.

King. I pray thee Frier, read them mee.

Fri. One shall suffice, and this is hee.
No man that commeth in this wod,
To feast, or dwell with Robin Hood,
Shall call him Earle, Lord, knight, or Squire,
He no such titles doth desire,
But Robin hood, platne Robin hooode,

That

Earle of Huntington.

That honest peoman stout and good,
On paine of forsetting a marke,
That must be paid to mee his Clarke,
My liege, my liege, this lawe you broke,
Almost in the last word you spoke.
That crime may not acquitted bee,
Till Frier Tuck receiue his fee. (Casts him purse,

King. Theres moze than twenty marks, mad Frier.

Fri. If thus you pay y^e Clarke his hire,
Oft may you forset, I desire.
You are a perfect penitent,
And well you doe your wrong repent:
For this your Highnesse liberall gift,
I here absolue you without thift.

King. Grauerces Frier. Now Robin Hood,
Sith Robin hood it needes must be,
I was about to aske befoze,
If thou didst see the great Stags fall.

Rob. I did my Lord, I sawe it all.
But missing this same prating Frier,
And hearing you so much desire
To haue the lozels companie,
I went to seeke small honestie.

Fri. But you found much, when you found mee.

Rob. I, Much my man: but not a tot
Of honestie in thee, God wot.

Qu. Robin, you doe abuse the Frier.

Fri. Madam, I dare not call him lyer,
He may be bold with mee, he knowes.
How now Prince Iohn, how goes, how goes
This wod-mans life with you to day?
My fellow Wodnet you would bee

Ioh. I am thy fellowe, thou dost see:
And to be plaine, as God me sauz,
So well I like thee, merry knaue,

The death of Robert

That I thy company must haue:

May, and I will.

Fri. May, and you shall.

Rob. My Lord, you neede not feare at all,

But you shall haue his company,

He will be bold I warrant you.

King. Know you where ere a spring is nie?

Faine would I drinke, I am right dry.

Rob. I haue a drinke within my bowler,

Of pleasing taste, and soueraigne power:

My reuerend vnckle giues it mee,

To giue vnto your Maiestie.

King. I would be loath indeede, being in heate,

To drinke cold water. Let vs to thy bowler,

Ro. Runne frier before, & bid my vnckle be in readines,

Fr. Con w a trice, on such good businesse. Exit omnes.

SCENE, V.

¶ Enter *Marian*, with a white apron.

Mar. What Much? What Linny? Much? I say.

Much. Whats the matter mistresse?

Mar. I pray thee see, the fueller

Suffer the cooke to want no wodde.

Good Lord, where is this idle girle?

Why Linny?

Within, I come for sooth.

Mar. I pray thee bring the flowers forth.

Much. He goe send her mistres, and help the cookes, if
they haue any neede. Exit much.

Mar. Dispatch good much. What lin I say?

¶ Enter *Linny*.

Much. Hee yee, hee yee: hee calls for life.

Mar. Indeeede, indeede, you doe me wrong,
To let me cry, and call so long.

Linny

Earle of Huntington.

Lin. Forsooth, I strawed the dining bolwers.
And smoth'd the walkes with hearbes & flowers,
The yeomens tables I haue spred,
Drest salts, laid trenchers, set on bread:
Nay all is well, I warrant you.

Mar. You are not well I promise you,
Your forlesseues are not pind (fie, fie)
And all your bed-geere stands awry.
Giue me the flowers: Goe in for shame,
And quickly see you mend the same.

Exit Linny.

Marian strewing flowers. *Enter sir Doncaster, prior.*

Don. How busie mistresse marian is?
She thinkes this is her day of blisse.

Pri. But it shall be the wofull st day
That euer chaunst her, if I may.

Mar. Why are you two thus in the ayre?
Your wounds are greene,
Good coz haue care.

Pri. Thanks for your kindnesse, gentle maid.
My colin Robert vs hath praid,
To helpe him in this businesse.

¶ Enter Frier.

Fri. Sir Doncaster, sir Doncaster?

Don. Holla.

Fri. I pray you, did you see the Prior?

Pri. Why, here I am. What wouldst thou Frier.

Fri. The king is heated in the chace,
And posseth hitherward apace.
He told my master he was dyd,
And hee desires ye, presently
To send the drinke whereof ye spake. Hornes blowe.

Pri. Come, it is here; haste let vs make

Exeunt Prior, and Frier.

¶ Enter King, Iohn, Queene, Scarlet, Scathlocke, Ely, Fitzwater, Salisbury, Chester. Marian kneeles downe.

C

Mar.

The death of Robert

Mar. Most gracious Soueraigne, welcome once againe:
Welcome to you, and all your princely traine.

King. Thanks louely hostesse; we are homely guests.
Wheres Robin Hood? He promised me some drinke.

Mar. Your handmaid, Robin will not then be long;
The Frier indeede came running to his vnkle,
Who with Sir Doncaster were here with mee,
And altogether went for such a drinke.

Kin. Well, in a better time it could not come,
For I am very hot and passing dry.

¶ Enter Robin Hood, a cuppe, a towell, leading Donca-
ster: Tuck, and Much pulling the Prior.

Rob. Traitor, He draw thee out before the king.

Fri. Come murderous Prior.

Much. Come yee dogges face.

Ki. Why how now Robin? wheres y^e drinke you bring?

Rob. Lay holde on these.

Farre be it, I should bring your Maiestie,

The drinke these two prepared for your taste.

King. Why Robin Hood, be briefe and answer mee:
I am amazed at thy troubled lookes.

Rob. Long will not my ill lookes amaze your Grace.
I shortly looke, neuer to looke againe.

Mar. Better to looke: What will it still be night?
If thou looke neuer, day can neuer be.

What ailes my Robin? Wherefore dost thou faint?

Rob. Because I cannot stand: yet now I can.
Thanks to my king, and thanks to Marian.

King. Robin be briefe, and tell vs what hath chaunc'd?

Rob. I must be briefe, for I am sure of death,
Before a long tale can be halfe way tolde,

Finz. Of death, my sonne: bright sunne of all my ioy:
Death cannot haue the power of vertuous life.

Rob. Not of the vertues, but the life it can. (die?)

King. What dost thou speak of death? how shouldst thou
Rob.

Earle of Huntington.

Rob. By poison, and the Priors treachery.

Qu. Why, take this soueraigne powder at my hand,
Take it and liue in spite of poysons power.

Don. I, let him forward. Powders quoth ye? ha,
I am a foole then, if a little dust,
The hauing of a hozne, a Bezars stone,
Or any Antidote haue power to stay
The execution of my hearts resolue.

But, cut, you labour lonely Queene, in vaine,
And on a thanklesse grooms pour coyle bestowe,
Now hath your foe reneng'd you of your foe:
Robin shall die, if all the world sayd no.

Mar. How the Wolfe howles! Fly like a tender Kid
Into thy sheepeheards bosome. Shield mee loue.
Canst thou not Robin? Where shall I be hid?

O God, these Rauens will seaze vpon thy Dove.

Rob. They cannot hurt thee, pray thee doe not feare,
Base cures will couch, the Lyon being neare,

Qu. How woakes my powder?

Rob. Very well, faire Queene.

King. Dost thou feele any ease?

Rob. I shall, I trust, anon:

Sleepe fals vpon mine eyes.

O I must sleepe, & they that loue me, do not waken me.

Mar. Sleepe in my lap, and I will sing to thee.

Ioh. He should not sleepe.

Rob. I must, for I must die:

While I liue therfore let me haue some rest.

Firz. I, let him rest, the poyson urges sleepe.

When he awakes, there is no hope of life.

Don. Of life? now by the little time I haue to liue,
He cannot liue one hower for your liues.

King. Villaine what art thou?

Don. Why, I am a knight.

Chest. Thou wert indeede.

The death of Robert.

If it so please your Grace,
I will describe my knowledge of this wretch.

Kin. Doe Chester.

Chest. This Doncaster, for so the fellow hight,
Was, by the king your father, made a knight,
And well in armes he did himselfe behaue,
Many a bitter storme, the winde of rage
Blasted this Realme with, in those woful daies,
When the unnaturall fights continued,
Betweene your kingly father and his sonnes.
This cut-throat, knighted in that time of woe,
Seaz'd on a beautilous Nunne, at Barkhamsted,
As wee were marching toward Winchester,
After proud Lincolne was compeld to yield,
Hee tooke this virgine straying in the field:
For all the Nunnnes and euery Couent fled
The daungers that attended on our troopes.
For those sad times too oft did testifie,
Wars rage hath no regard of pietie,
She humbly praid him, for the loue of heauen,
To guid her to her fathers, two miles thence.
He swoze he would, and very well he might:
For to the campe he was a Forager.
Upon the way they came into a wood,
Wherein, in bylese, he stript this tender maid:
Whose lust, when she in baine had long withstood,
Being by strength and torments ouerlaid,
He did a sacrilegious deede of rape,
And left her back'd in her owne teares and blood.
When she reui'd, she to her fathers got,
And got her father to make iust complaint,
Unto your mother, being then in campe.

Qu. Is this the villaine Chester, that desil'd
Sir Eustace Scuticles chaste and beautilous child:
Don. I Madam, this is hee,

That

Earle of Huntington.

That made a wench daunce naked in a wood:
And for shee did denie what I desired,
I scourg'd her for her pride, till her faire skaine
With stripes was checkred like a vintners grace.
And what was this? A might matter sure.
I haue a thousand moze than she desirde,
And cut the squeaking throats of some of them:
I grieue I did not hirs,

Qu. Punish him Richard.

A fairer virgine neuer sawe the sunne-
A chaster maid was neuer swozne a Runne.
King. How scap't the villaine punishment, that time?
Fitz. I rent his spurres off, and disgraced him.

Chest. And then he raild vpon the Queene and mee.
Being committed, he his keeper flue,
And to your father fled, who pardon'd him.

Rich. God giue his soule a pardon for that sinne.

Sal. O had I heard his name, or seene his face,
I had defended Robin from this chance.
Ah villaine, but those gloomy lights of thine.
Rememb'rest thou a little sonne of mine,
Whose nurse at Wilton first thou rauishedst,
And slew'st two maids that did attend on them?

Don. I grant, I dasht the braines out of a brat,
Whine if he were, I care not: had he bin
The first bozne comfort of a royall king,
And should haue yald when Doncaster cried peace,
I would haue done by him as then I did.

King. Soone shall the world be rid of such a wretch,
Let him be hang'd aliue, in the high way, that loyneth to
the power.

Don. Aliue or deade, I reck not how I die.
You, them, and these, I desperately desire.

Ely. Repent, or neuer looke to be absolu'd,
But die accurs'd as thou deseruest well.

The death of Robert

Don. Then giue me my desert; curse one by one.
Ely. First I accurse thee, and, if thou persist,
Unco damnation leaue thee wretched man.

Don. What doe I care for your damnation?
Am I not doom'd to death? what more damnation
Can there inue your loud and pelling cryes?

Pri. Yes diuell: heare thy fellowe spirit it speake,
Who would repent; O faine he would repent,
After this bodie's bitter punishment,
There is an euer during endlesse woe,
A quenchlesse fire, an vnconsuming paine,
Which desperate soules and bodie's must indure.

Don. Can you preach this, yet set me on fir P^rior,
To runne into this endlesse, quenchlesse fier?

Pri. High heauens thewe mercie to my many ills.
Neuer had this bene done, but like a fiend,
Thou temptedst me with ceaselesse diuelish thoughts.
Therefore I curse, with bitterness of soule,
The holwer wherein I saw thy balefull eyes.
My eyes I curse, for looking on those eyes.
My eares I curse, for harkning to thy tongue.
I curse thy tongue for tempting of myne eares.
Each part I curse, that wee call thine or mine:
Thine for enticing mine, mine following thine.

Don. A holy prayer. What Collect haue we next:
This time *Robin* stirres.

Fitz. My Marian wanteth words, such is her woe:
But old Fitzwater for his girle and him
Begg nothing, but worlds plague for such a foe,
Which causelesse harmd a vertuous noble man,
A pittie of his griefes, when he felt grieve:
Therefore bethinke thee of thy hatefull deede,
Thou faithlesse P^rior, and thou this ruthlesse theefe.

Pri. Will no man curse me, giuing so much cause?
Then Doncaster, our selues our selues accurse,

And

Earle of Huntington.

And let no good betide to thee or mee.

All the yeomen, Frier, Much, linny cry;

All. Amen, amen: accursed may ye bee,
For murdering Robin, flower of curtesie.

Robin sits vp.

Rob. Bring not such a peale for Robins death,
Let sweete forgiveness be my passing bell.

Art thou there Marian? then fly forth my breath:
To die within thy armes contents me well.

Pri. Keepe in, keepe in a little while thy soule,
Till I haue pow'd my soule forth at thy feete.

Rob. I slept not vnkle, I your grieffe did heare,
Let him forgive your soule that bought it deare:
Your bodies deede, I in my death forgive,
And humbly begge the king that you may liue.
Stand to your Cleargie vnkle, saue your life,
And lead a better life than you haue done.

Pri. O gentle Nephew, ah my brothers sonne,
Thou dying glory of old Huntington,
Withest thou life to such a murderous foe?
I will not liue, sith thou must life forgoe.
Oh happie Warman, blessed in thy end,
Now too too late thy truth I doe commend.
O Nephew, Nephew, Doncaster and I
Murdered poore Warman, for he did denie
To ioyne with vs in this blacke tragedy.

Rob. Alas poore Warman. Frier, little Iohn,
I told ye both where Warmans bodie lay:
And of his buriall Ile dispose anone.

King. Is there no lawe, Lord Ely, to conuict,
This Prioz, that confesseth murders thus?

Ely. He is a hallowed man, and must be tried,
And punish't by the censure of the Church.

Pri. The Church therein doth erre: God doth allowe
No Canon to preserve a murderers life.

The death of Robert

Richard, king Richard, in thy Grandfathers daies,
 A law was made, the Cleargie sworne thereto,
 That whatsoeuer Church-man did commit
 Treason, or murder, or false felonie,
 Should like a secular be punished.
 Treason we did, for sure we did intend
 King Richards poisoning, Soueraigne of this land.
 Murder we did in working Warmans end,
 And my deare Nephewes, by this fatal hand.
 And theft we did, for we haue robb the king,
 The State, the Nobles, Commons, and his men,
 Of a true Peere, firme Piller, liberall Lord.
 Fitzwater we haue robb of a kinde sonne,
 And Marians lone-loyes we haue quite vndoone.
 Don. Whoppe, what a coyle is here to your confession?
 Pri. I aske but iudgement for my soule transgression.
 King. Thy own mouth hath condemned thee.
 Hence with him.

Hang this man dead, then see him buried:
 But let the other hang alme in chaines.

Don. I thanke you sir.

Exeunt yeomen, Frier, prisoners, *Much.*
 Ioh. My selfe will goe, my Lord,
 And see sharpe Justice done vpon these slaues.

Rob. I goe not hence Prince Iohn: a word or two
 Before I die, I faine would say to you.

King. Robin, wee see what we are sad to see,
 Death like a champion treading downe thy life:
 Yet in thy end somewhat to comfort thee,
 Wee freely giue to thy becrothed wife,
 Beauctious and chaste Matilda, all those lands,
 Faine by thy folly, to the Priors hands,
 And by his fault now forfeited to mee:
 Earle Huntington, she shall thy Countesse bee,
 And thy wight yeomen, they shall wend with mee,
Against

Earle of Huntington.

Against the faithlesse enemies of Christ.

Rob. Bzing forth a Beere, and couer it with Greene;

A Beere is brought in.

That on my death-bed I may here sit downe.

Beere brought, he sirs.

At Robins buriall let no blacke be scene,

Let no hand giue for him a mourning gowne:

For in his death, his king hath giuen him life,

By this large gift, giuen to his maiden wife.

Chast maid Marilda, Countesse of account,

Chafe, with thy bright eyes, all these clouds of woe,

From these faire cheekes, I pray thee sweete do so.

Thinke it is bootelesse folly, to complaine,

For that which neuer can be had againe.

Queene Elianor, you once were Marilds foe:

Prince Iohn, you long sought her vnlawfull loue:

Let dying Robin Hood intreat you both,

To change those passions: Hadame turne your hate,

To princely loue; Prince Iohn, conuert your loue

To vertuous passions, chaste and moderate.

That your gracious right hands would in folde,

Matildas right hand, prisoned in my palme,

And sweare to doe what Robin Hood desires:

Qu. I sweare I will, I will a mother be,

To saue Matildas life and chastitie.

Ioh. When Iohn solicites chaste Matildas eares,

With lawlesse lutes, as he hath often done:

Or offers to the altars of her eyes,

Lasciuious Poems, stuf with vanities,

He cranes to see but thopt and lower daies,

His death be like to Robins he desires,

His periur'd body proue a paysoned prey,

For cowed Donkes, and barefoote begging Friers.

Rob. Inough, inough, Fitzwater, take your child:

By dying frost which no sunnes heat can thawe,

D

Close

The death of Robert.

Closes the powers of all my outward parts,
My freezing blood runnes backe vnto my heart,
Where it assists death, which it would resist:
Only my loue a little hinders death.

For he beholds her eyes, and cannot smite:

Then goe not yet matilda, stay a while.

Frier, make speede, and list my latest will.

Mat. Let mee looke, for euer in thy eyes,
And lay my warme breath to thy bloodlesse lips,
If my sight can restraine deaths tyrannies,
Or keepe liues breath within thy bosome locke.

Rob. Away, away,
For beare, my loue: all this is but delay.

Firz. Come maiden daughter, from my maiden sonne,
And giue him leane to doe what must be done.

Rob. First I bequeath my soule to all soules sauer,
And will my bodie to be buried,

At Wakefield, vnderneath the Abbey wall:

And in this order make my funerall;

When I am dead, stretch me vpon this Beere,

My beades and Primer shall my pillowe bee:

On this side lay my bowe, my good shafes here,

Vpon my best the crosse, and vnderneath,

My trustie sword, thus fastned in the sheath.

Let Warman's bodie at my feete be laid,

Poorer Warman, that in my defence did die,

For holy dirges, sing me wofull songs,

As ye to Wakefield walke, with voices shrill:

This for my selfe: my goods and plate I giue

Among my peomen: them I doe bestowe,

Vpon my Soueraigne, Richard. This is all.

My liege farewell, my loue farewell, farewell:

Farewell faire Queene, Prince Iohn and noble Lords.

Father Fitzwater heartily adieu,

Adieu my peomen tall.

Mat.

Earle of Huntington.

Matilda close mine eyes.

Frier farewell, farewell to all.

Mat. O must my hands with enuious death conspire,
To shut the morning gates of my liues light?

Fitz. It is a duette, and thy lones desire,

He helpe thee girle to close by Robins sight.

King. Laments are bootlesse, teares cannot resfoze
Lost life: Matilda, therefore weepe no more.

And since our mirth is turned into mone,

Our merry sport, to tragick funerall,

Wee will prepare our power for Austria,

After earle Roberts timelesse burfall.

Fall to your woe-songs therefore yeomen bold,

And deck his herse with flowers, that lou'd you deare,

Dispose his goods, as hee hath them disposed.

Fitzwater and matilda, bide you here,

See you the bodie vnto Wakefield bozne,

A little wee will beare yee company,

But all of vs at London point to meete:

Thither Fitzwater, bying earle Robins men;

And Frier, see you come along with them.

Fri. Ah my liege Lord, the Frier faints,

And hath no words to make complatuts:

But since he must forlake this place,

He will awaite, and thanks your Grace.

Song. Weepe, weepe, ye woe-men waile,

Your hands with sorow wying:

Your master Robin Hood lies deade,

Therefore sigh as you sing.

Here lies his Primer and his beades,

His bent bowe and his arrowes keene,

His good sword and his holy crosse,

Now cast on flowers fresh and greene:

And as they fall, shed teares and say,

The death of Robert.

Wella, wella day, wella, wella day:

Thus cast yee flowers and sing,

And on to Wakefield take your way.

Exeunt.

Fri. Here dothe the Frier leaue with grieuance:

Robin is deade, that grac't his entrance:

And being dead he craues his audience,

With this short play, they would haue patience.

¶ Enter Chester.

Chest. Nay Fryer, at request of thy kinde friend,

Let not thy Play so soone be at an end.

Though Robin Hood be deade, his yemen gone,

And that thou thinkst there now remaines not one,

To act an other Seeane or two for thee:

Yet knowe full well, to please this company,

We meane to end Marildaes Tragedie.

Fri. Off then, I wish you, with your Kendall greener:

Let not sad grieffe, in fresh aray be seene.

Marildaes storie is repleat with teares,

Wrongs, desolations, ruines, deadly feares.

In, and attire yee: though I tired be,

Yet will I tell my mistresse Tragedie.

apolloes master doone I inuocate:

To whome hencefoorth my deedes I dedicate:

That of his Godhead, boue all Gods diuine,

With his rich spirit he would lighten mine:

That I may sing true layes of trothlesse deedes,

Which to conceive, my heart through sorrow bleeds.

Cherrie thee, sad soule, and in a lottie line,

Thunder out wrong, compass in cloudy teares.

Enter in blacke.

Shewe to the eyes, fill the beholders eares,

With all the liuely acts of lustfull rage,

Restrained by modest teares, and chastities intreats,

And let king Iohn that ill part personage,

By luses, deuices, practices and threats:

And

Earle of Huntington.

And when he sees all seruet to no end,
Of chaste matilda let him make an end.

Cho. We are all fitted, Frier, shall we beginne?

Fri. Well art thou fitted. would my order would
Permit me habit equall to my heart.

Cho. If you remember, Iohn did take an oath,
Neuer againe to seeke matildaes loue.

Fri. What is he, that's twoyne affections slaue,
That will not violate all lawes, all oathes?
And being mightie, what will he omit,
To compasse his intents, though nere so ill:
You must suppose king Richard now is deade,
And Iohn (resistlesse) is faire Englands Lord:
Who struing to forget Matildaes loue,
Takes to his wite the beautilous Isabell,
Betroth'd to Hugh de Briu, Earle of North March:
And picking quarrels vnder shewe of kinne,
Wholly diuorces his first Queene away:
But yet Matilda, still, still troubles him,
And being in the Court, so oft he courts her,
That by her noble father, old Fitzwater,
She is remoou'd from his lust-tempting eye.
But tides restrain'd, oze swell their bounds with rage:
Her abience addes moze fuel to his fire.
In sleepe he sees her, and his waking thoughts,
Stride by day to compasse his desire.

Cho. Frier, since now you speake of visions,
It was receiued by tradition,
From those that were right neere vnto king Iohn,
Of three strange visions, that to him appeared:
And as I guesse, I could you what they were.

Fri. With them I will begin: draw but that haile,
And there king Iohn sits sleeping in his chaire.

Drawe the curtain, the king sits sleeping, his sword by

The death of Robert

his side. Enter *Austria*, before whome commeth
Ambition: and bringing him before the chaire, king
Iohn, in sleepe, maketh signes to auoid, and holdeth his owne crowne fast with both his hands.

Fri. *Ambition*, that had euer waited on king Iohn,
Now brings him *Austria*, easie to be tane,
Being wholly tain'd by Richards warlike hand,
And bids him adde that Dukedome to his crowne:
But he puts by *Ambition*, and contemnes
All other kingdomes, but the English crowne,
Which he holds fast, as if hee would not loose.

¶ Enter *Constance*, leading young *Arthur*: both offer
to take the crowne; but with his foote he ouerturneth
them: to them commeth *Insurrection*, ledde by the
F. K. and L. menacing him, and lead the childe
again to the chaire: but he only layeth hand on his
sworde, and with his foote ouerthroweth the childe,
whome they take vp as deade: and *Insurrection* flying,
they mournfully beare in the bodie.

Fr. The Ladie and the childe that did ascend,
Striving in vaine to take the crowne from Iohn,
Were *Constance*, and her sonne the Duke of Britaine,
Heire to the eldēt brother of the king.
Yet hee sleepest on, and with a little spurne,
The mother and the Prince both ouerturne.
Again when *Insurrection* them assists,
Stir'd by the French king, and the wronged Earle,
Whose troth-plight wife, king Iohn had tane to wife,
He only claps his hand vpon his sword,
Mocketh their threatnings, and in their attempts,
The harmelesse Prince receiues recurelesse death,
Who

Earle of Huntingron.

Whome they too late with bootlesse teares lament.

¶ Enter Queene, with two children borne after her: she ascends, and seeing no motion, she fetcheth her children one by one; but seeing yet no motion, she descendeth wringing her hands, and departeth. Enter *Matilda*, in mourning vaile, reading on a booke, at whose coming he starteth, and sitteth vpright: as shee passeth by, hee smiles, and foldes his armes, as if hee did embrace her; being gone, he starts sodainly, and speakes.

King. *Matilda, stay Matilda, doe but speake:*

Whoes there? Intreate matilda to come backe.

Bon. Who would you haue, my Lord?

Kin. Why, my Lord Bonuill: I would haue Matilda:

That but euen now, past by toward the dooze.

Bon. I sawe her not my Lord.

King. Hadst thou a lowers eye,

A gnat, a moate, a shadowe thou wouldest spy:

Come followe me, she cannot be so farre,

But I shall ouertake her: come away.

Exeunt.

Fri. The last appearance shadowed the faire Queene,

And her two children, at whose sight king Iohn

She wd neither signe nor shewe of passion:

But when the sunne came masked in a cloude,

And bailed beautie, ioynde with chastitie,

Appeared in Matildaes louely shape,

He starts, he claspes, he wakes, he calls, he seekes

The shadowe of that substance he affects:

To her he sewes, but she his sute relects:

To him she sewes, but he her sute neglects:

He sues to be her lone, she doth despise:

She sues to liue a maid, which he denies,

The death of Robert

What followes of this wilfull will, and shall,
 This no and nay, this quenchlesse, bootlesse fire,
 This cold affection, and this hot desire,
 The act it selfe shall tell, and the pooze frier,
 Your partiall fauours humbly doth requite, Exit.

Sound trumpets, Enter king, Bonnile, Salisbury,
 Loricus.

King. Now I perceiue, this only was a dreame:
 Diuine Matildaes Angell did appeare,
 Deckt like a Vestall, readie for heauens quire,
 And to this earthly truncke will not come neare.
 Well, let her goe: I must pfaich, I must,
 And so I will: kings thoughts should be diuine:
 So are matildaes, so henceforth shall mine.
 Old Anb. So doing, peace shall wait vpon your crown,
 And blessing vpon blessing shall befall.

King. Its true my Lord, I know full well there shall.
 Salf. Your people will war proude of such a king,
 That of him selfe is king, Lord of his thoughts:
 Which by assertion of Philosophers,
 Is held to be the greatest Empery.

King. And they said wisely, noble Anbery.
 Salf. Then will Firzwater with his gallant troopes,
 Againe keepe triumphes in the English Court,
 Then will Matilda

King. Matilda, what of her?
 Salf. Like a bright starre, adorne the lonely traine
 Of haucious Ladies, which attend the Queene,
 Whose only beauty equalleth them all.

King. Like an old foole, whose dim eyes wanting light,
 Comparst the sunne, to common candle light.

Salf. Pardon my leger: I doe confesse, her faire
 Exceedes all these, as farre as day doth night.

King. Grossely alluded: night by moone, by starres.

Earle of Huntington.

By wandring fires, exhaled meteors,
By artificiall lightes, by eyes of beastes,
And little glow-wormes, glimpling in the darke,
Hath somewhere brightnesse, lightnesse, and sometime
Under each Horizon in all parts cleare:

But they at no time, no where can be said
To be lesse darke, then dungeon darknesse is.
Pitch coloured, Chanac't, blacker than blacke,
While her faire eyes giues beauty to bright day.
Sal. To heare the Queene thus praise woꝝks my confest.

King. The Queene? O, had I such a thought I would
repent. To himselfe.

Sal. Further my Lord,

King. What shall we further wade?

I feare I shall be tyred with this tade.

Sal. The common-wealt^h will flourish & encrease.

K. Good Oxford of those things now hold your peace:

And take the paines to fetch in Isabell.

I haue strange tydings sent me out of France,

Which she will take, I knowe, in as good part,

As I accept her praise: fetch her I say.

Exit Salisbury.

What is the old foole gone? now goe thy way.

What thinkst thou of him Hubert? tell me man.

Hub. As of a good old gentleman my Lord,

That speaks but what he thinks, & thinks you thinke

As he doth: and I warrant you

Will not conceale those praises from the Queene,

Which as hee deemes you vttered in her praise.

King. I would haue them beleue it so indeede:

But I protest, is no part of my Creede.

Hu. I faith your Grace did Oxford's years great woꝝg.

To cutt all his good woꝝke, that seem'd so long:

He peraduenture would haue brought in moꝝe,

After his Preface, to rich plenties stoꝝe.

C

Per-

The death of Robert

Perchaunce he would haue shew'd some banckle,
 That in your Court is suffered howlerly:
 And had you punish rustians with long haire,
 Newe fashions, and such topes: a special care
 Was that good man: he turnes the statute booke:
 About his hall and chambers if you looke,
 The mozell vertues in faire effigies,
 Are liuely painted: mozell Philosophie
 Was not a sentence, be it great or small,
 But it is painted on his Honours wall.

Enter Queene, Oxford.

Kin. Peace, peace, he comes, now lets be silent all.

Salf. I tell you I was proud of his good words.

Qu. God hold them Oxford: for its often scene,
 A reconciled foe small good affords. (hold you deare.)

Salf. O forbear: trust me, I gage my Honour he doth

King. How cheere you Isabell? The earle, your spouse,
 Hath sent defiance to the king your husband,

And like a tried tall couloier, fled his hold:

In Marchland; Where he knowes, despite of him,

And all the men that he therein can raise,

King Iohn could haue sent dogs enow to teare

Their ill arm'd bodies peece-meale, ere his hands

Should with base blood haue staind their noble hds.

And whether is this worshipfull good Earle

(This first loue, old loue, newe loue if you will)

Gone thinks your Ladishippe? Forsooth, good man,

To Poymandy; and there he stirs vp coales,

And brge th strong aid for confederates,

Who, as he saies, are treacherously dispos'd.

Qu. If he doe so, the greater is his sinne.

Poorer man, I haue no interest in him.

King. But he hath had in you, as it should seeme,

Els would he not make sonnets of your vizard,

Your eye, your lip, your hand, your thigh.

Earle of Huntington.

A plague vpon him: how came he so nigh?
Nay, now you haue the curst queanes counterfet:
Through rage you shake, because you cannot raze,
But answer me; Why should the Bedlam slaue
Entitle a whole Poem to your kisse,
Calling it chery, ruby, this and this?
I tell you, I am iealous of your loue,
Which makes me bycake into this passion:
Here's the kinde noble Anbery de Vere,
Knowes what I speake is true:
My Lord, my Lord, I doe appeale to you:
Are these things to be bozne?

Sal. No by the Roode,

These loue-rimes are the tokens of small good.

Hu. Why my good Lord, was neuer Poetry,
Offerd vnto a Ladies patronage?

Sal. Yes, but not taken.

Hu. Yes, and taken too.

Though muddy flanes, whose ballatizing rimes,
With words vnpolisht, shewe their brutish thoughts,
Naming their Haukins in each lustfull line:
Let no celestiall beautie looke awry,
When well writ poemes, touching her rich praise,
Are offerd to her vnstain'd vertues eye.
For Poetries high sprighted sonnes will raise,
True beautie to all wisht eternitie:
Therefore my Lord, your age is much to blame,
To thinke a taken Poeme Ladies shame.

Sal. You see the King, thats better read than you,
And far moze wzongd than I, takes it not wel.

Ki. Yes but I doe: I thinke not Isabell, Lord,
The worse for any writing of Brunes.

Sal. Will you ha the troth my Lord? I thinke so too:
And though I be an old man, by my sword,
My arme shall iustifie my constant word.

The death of Robert.

Qu. After a long storme in a troublous sea,
The Pilot is no gladder of a calme,
Than Isabell to see the vexed lookes
Of her lou'd Lord, chang'd into sweete aspects.

Kin, I will not tell thee what a world of foes,
For thy loue, deare loue, rise against my life.

To himselfe.

(Matildaes loue: fewe swordes will fight for thee)
I will not number by the many woes
That shall be multiplied, strife upon strife
Will follow: But to thynne insuing ils,
Ile take such pledges as shall please me aske,
Of each proud Baron, dwelling in the Realme.
Bruse kinsman, and the deputie to March,
Hath a high minded Lady to his wife,
An able sonne for armes, and a lesse boy,
That is the comfort of his fathers life:
Madame, I know you loue the Lady well,
And of her wealth you may be bold to build,
By sending you foure hundred white milch kine,
And ten like coloured bulles, to serue that heard:
So faire, that euery cow did so seeme,
And euery bull Europaes rauisher.
To friend my selfe with such a subjects truth,
Thus I commaund; You, and Earle Salisbury
Shall, with what specke conueniently ye may,
Hye ye to Gilsford, there the Ladie lies,
And her sonnes too, as I am told by spies:
All that she hath, I knowe she calleth yours,
All that she hath, I gladly woulde call mine,
If she abuse yee: if she vse yee well,
For euer be, what she retaines, her owne:
Only goe by as Queenes in progresse doe,
And send me word how she receiueth you.

Qu. Well, I auouch she will, before I goe,

Exeunt

Earle of Huntington.

Farre be it, Iohn should proue Lord Bruses foe.
Come noble Oxford, I long to be at Gilford.

Sall. In such a businesse, Madam, so doe I. Exeunt.

King. Goe on, good stales, now Gilford is mine owne.
hubert, I charge you take an hundred horse,
And followe vnto Gilford Castle gates,
The Queene, pretend, you come to tend vpon,
Sent carefully from vs: when you are in,
Boldly demaund the Lady for her sonnes,
For pledges of her husbands faith and hers:
Whome when yee haue, vpon the Castle seize,
And keepe it to our vse vntill we come:
Meane while let me alone with Hugh your sonne,
To worke a wonder, if no prodigie:
But, whatsoere, it shall attempted be.

hub. Euen that which to your Maestie
May seeme contentfull, thereto I agree.

King. Goe then to Gilford, and a victor be. Exit hub.
Mowbray, our maske: are you and Chester ready?
Mow. We will befoze your Grace, I warrant you.

King. How thinkst of it, Mowbray?

Hu. As on a maske; but for our torch-bearers,
hell cannot make so mad a crewe as I.

King. Faith, who is chiefe?

hu. Will Brand, my Lord.
But then your Grace must curbe his cruelty:
The raigne once got, he's apt for villanie.
Kin. I knowe the villaine is both rough and grim:
But as a ty-dogge I will muzzle him.
He bring him vp to lawne vpon my friends,
And worry dead my foes. But to our maske.
I meane this night to reuell at the feast,
Where faire Matilda graceeth euery guest:
And if my hidden curtesie the grace,

The death of Robert

Old Bainards Castle good Fitzwaters place,
 Iohn will make rich, with rofall Englands wealth:
 But if he do not: not those scattered bands,
 Dropping from Austria, and the Holy land,
 That boast so much of glorious victozies,
 Shall stoppe the inundations of those woes,
 That like a deluge I will bring on them:
 I knowe the crue is there, banish all feares:
 If wrongd, they shall be ours, if welcome, theirs. *Exeunt*
 ¶ Enter *Fitzwater* and his sonne *Bruse*, and call forth
 his daughter.

Fitz. Why how now botary? still at your booke?
 Euer in mourning weedes? For shame, for shame,
 With better entertainment cheere our friends.
 Now by the blest crosse you are much too blame,
 To crosse our mirth thus; you are much too blame I say.
 Good Lord, hath neuer woe enough of wellada!
 Indeed, indeede,
 Some sorrow fits: but this is moze than neede.

mar. Goodfather pardon me,
 You saw I sate the supper and the banquet,
 You knowe I cannot dance, discourse I shunne:
 By reason that my wit, but small before,
 Comes farre behinde the ripe wits of our age.

Young B. You'l be too ripe for mariage,
 If you delay, by day, and day, thus long,
 There is the noble Wigmore, lord of the March,
 That lyes on Wye, Lug, and the Seuerne streames,
 His sonne is like the sunnes eyes Ganimede,
 And for your loue, hath sent a Lord to plead:
 His absence, I did purpose to excuse:

¶ Enter *Lester*, *Richmond*.

But *Lester* is the man for him that sues.
 For my cousin *Bruse* hath bene your Broker, *Lester*,
 At least hath broke the matter to my girle.
 Lest, O for a barber at the time of neede,

Earle of Huntington.

Oz one of these that dresses perlwigs,
To decke my gray head with a yowthfull haire;
But I must too't. Matilda, thus it is;
Say, can ye loue mee? I am Wigmors sonne.
Ma. My cousin said, he look't like Ganimede:
But you, but you.

Ley. But I, but I, you say,
Am rather like old Chremes in a play.
But thats a nice obiection: I am hee,
But by atturneyshippe made deputie.

Mat. He's neuer like to speede well, all his life,
That by atturney lues to winne a wife:
But graunt you are, whome you seeme nothing like,
Young Wigmore, the heire to this noble Lord:
He for his sonne hath yet sent vs nere a word.
Old. Br. If you grant loue, when his sonne doch wooe,
Then in your ioynture heele send, say, and doe.

Y. Br. And for a dooer, colin take my word,
Looke for a good egge, he was a good bird:
Cooke a the game ifaith, neuer feare.

Ma. I, but I feare the match will fall out ill,
Because he saies his sonne is named Will.

Fitz. And why good daughter? Hath some Palmister,
Some Augur, or some dreaming Calculator
(For such I know you often hearken to)
 bene prating gainst the name? Go too, go too,
Doe not beleue them. Lester, fall to wooe.

Ma. I must beleue my father, and tis you;
That if I ought misdoe, repproue me still,
And chiding said, you'r wedded to your will.

Fitz. God for thy mercy, haue pee catcht me there?
Wigmore is William, woman. Lester, speake,
Thou art the simplest wooer in the world.

Lest. You haue put me out, & he hath tooke me downe:
You with your talke, she with her ready tongue.
You told me I should finde her milde and still,

The death of Robert

And scarce a worde come from her in an hower,
Then did I thinke, I should haue all the talke,
Unhindred by your willingnesse to helpe,
Unanswerd till I had no moze to say: And then
Y.B. What then? she with a courtly curtisie saying nay.

Ma. Your friends atturney might haue gone his way,
With as great credit, as did that Orator,
Which handling an Oration, some thre howers,
All for the matter, worse than bad for phrase:
Hauing said Dixi; lookt, and found not one,
To praise or dispraise his Oration:
For, wearied with his talke, they all were gone.

F. Now by my troth, if any troth I haue,
I am as merr y at Matildaes mirth,
As I was glad to see her first daies birth.
For till this hower, to helpe me holibam,
Since the too timely death of Huntington,
Not a blithe word had passage through her lips.

Ley. See what a pleasing humour wooers bring.

Col. B. But yee leaue too soone.

Ley. Yet she auerers

I stand too long, shall I chuse yours or hers?

Mat. Either forbear, I pray yee, for a while.
Welcome Lord Richmond.

Rich. What, doth Matilda smile:
That still like Sabnelle solitary stait:
Then off with widowes weedes, and teach your feete,
(That haue forgot for want of exercise,
And by the meanes your sorrowe had no meane)
To tread a measure: for a gallant crue,
Of courtly maskers landed at the staires,
Besore whome vintreated, I am come,
And haue preuented, I beleue, their page,
Who with his torch is entred.

fitz. Richmond, thanks:

Boy

Earle of Huntington.

If you haue ought to say about the maskers,
Beseech the Gentlemen to enter in:
For they are welcome guests to old Fitzwater.

Exit Messenger.

Sonne, sonne, I pray you fetch the Ladies in:
We haue beene talking here about a match,
And left our noble friends in discontent.

Rich. Nay by my faith, we had much merriment;
Yet thought it long, you neither came, nor sent.

Matilda faints, and sits downe.

Fitz. How now Matilda? pray thee cheere thee girle.

Mat. I thought it was a lightning befoze death:
Too sodaine to be certaine: good pleasure stay.

Enter Ladies.

Willst thou not wanton? churle then goe thy way.

After maske.

Rich. What? chang'd so soon: so soon false to your dips:
Cheerly: the maske comes in. O God, this vrile & looke
Fit not this sport.

Mat. He leaue it.

! (stay.

Rich. Nay: for your loue, Williams sake, faire maiden

Dance: Maskers take each a Ladie, Iohn Matilda:
but refusing, father;

This is no courtship daughter, be not nice,
You both abuse him and disparage vs:
His fellowes had the Ladies they did chuse,
And wel you knowe; heres no moze maids than Paule:
Your selfe are all our stoze: I pray you rise,
O: by my faith, I say you doe vs wrong.

Mat. I wil do what you wil: lead, lead your daunce.

Rich. You know me by my speech.

Mat. I my Liege, I: O! that temptatious tongue
Had no where to be plac't but in your head.

¶

King

The death of Robert

Ki. Well, say I haue her tongue, had I not neede,
When you haue both her eyes: nay all her shape:
Able to tempt euen Ioue himselfe to rape.
Ma Good my Lord leaue; or I will leaue the place.

Daunce againe; & in the first course *Maitilda* flings
from him: *John* followes.

Fitz. Daunce out your Galliard: Gods deare holibread,
P'are too forgetfull; daunce, or by my troth,
You'l moue my patience moze than I will speake.

She vnwilling, *John* roughly puls her.
Nay soft, damannerd sir, you are too rough:
Her toynts are weake, your armes are strong & tough:
If yee tynie here for sport, you welcome be,
If not, better your roome than such bad company.

John threatens him by signes.
Dost threaten mee? thou wilt I see thy face.
Kin. And so thou shalt, looke on me rebell Lord;
Thou that wert late a factious ring-leader,
And in the open field gav'st me fierce fight,
Art thou againe gathering another head,
That with such rudenesse thou dost entertaine
The gentle comming of thy Soueraigne?

Fitz. My head Lord, heare me, and forgive this fault:
What I haue earst done, long since you forgauē:
If I did lead the Barons in the field,
The Barons chose me, when they could not chuse
But make some leader, you were so misled.
When better thoughts entred your royall breast,
We then obeyd you, as our Soueraigne head.

King. You did euen what you list, and so doe still.
I am the king, but you must haue your will:
The plaine troth is, we are not come in sport,
Though for our comming, this was our best cloake:

For

Earle of Huntington.

For if we neuer come, till you doe send,
We must not be your guests while bankets last.
Contentious hauls you howerly send to vs:
But we may send and send, and you returne,
This Lord is sicke, that pained with the gout,
He rid from home. You thinke I finde not out
Your close confederacies: yes I doe, no doubt.

Lest. If there be here a close confederate,
Gods vengeance light vpon him with my hate.

K. No, you are open Lest, that I knowe.

Ch. I by the Lord, my Lord, your open foe. (Chester,
Lest. By thy Lords Lord, and mine, proud Rafe of
Thou dar'st not say so, wert thou from the king,
now. Yes, but he dares and shall.

Rich. Mowbray, if you stand by,
He dares per chance, els will the bastard fly. (speach:

Ch. By owne sword shall maintaine my tongues true
For it is not frequented to such lies,
As wrangling Lest, and proud Richmond vse:
It cannot set out like a thundring drumme,
Or roaring Canon, stuff with naught but brags,
The multitudes of leas died red with blood,
And famous citles into cinders turn'd,
By their two armed armes.

King. I Chester.

And then they shewe vs rags, torne off belike,
From poore decayed Ladies petticotes:
For neither bill, nor feathered shot, nor pike
Hauē haile or any of those rents they haue:
These patcht together, fastned vnto stauess,
They will not stick to sweare, haue beene aduanc't
Against the Sophie Souldan, and the Turke.
Le. Do not maintaine proud Chester, my liues Liege.
Your words I must put by: his if I heare
Yes you shall heare them, Beare, and yet not bite:

The death of Robert

We haue you muzzeld now: remember once
 You brau'd vs with your Bombard boasting words:
 Come briefely, Lester, Richmōd, both Fitzwaters, Bruse,
 Deliuer by your swords immediatly:
 And either yield your bodie to our hands,
 Or giue such pledges as we shall accept,
 Unto our Steward Winchester, with speede.

Lest. I will not leaue my armes, nor break my word
 Except I be prouok't: your liege-man I am sworn:
 That oath is pledge enough. If you mislike

Kin. Thou hearest me say, I doe.

Lest. And I reply, that pledge refus'd, I haue no more
 for you.

Rich. And Richmond sates as noble Lester saith;
 Alreadie haue we plighted fame and faith:
 Which being scornd, returns to vs againe,
 And by the kings owne mouth, we are discharg'd.

Kin. Fitzwater, what say you?

Fitz. What pledge desires my Liege?

King. I aske your stubborne daughter.

Yong Br. That were a gage to be engag'd.

Fitz. Peace thou head-strong boy.

Pardon me sonne aigne: all my power is yours:
 My goods you may commaund, my life you may:
 My children too I know with both their liues,
 Will readily aduenture deaths worst wrongs,
 To doe such seruice as true subjects should:
 But honorable fame, true chastitie

Kin. Make no exceptions, yield her by to mee,
 Or looke for euer for my enmitie.

Fitz. Nay then Fitzwater tels your Matestie,
 You doe him wrong: and well will let you wit,
 He will defende his honour to the death.

King. And Bruse, you are no otherwise dispos'd,
 You will not giue your sons to me for pledge.

Br.

Earle of Huntington.

Br. I haue but one, being my lesser boy,
Who is at Gilford: for my other sonne,

Ki. He braues me with the rest.

Well it is night, and theres no sunne to sweare by,
But by Gods sonne: and by him I here protest,
A miserable storne this night to raise,
That shall not cease, while England giueth rest,
To such vile traitors: Bruse Ile begin with you:
I will ifaith, as true as God is true.

Exeunt king, cum suis.

Lest. Then shal a storne be rais'd against a storne,
And tempest be with tempest beaten backe.

Fitz. But this firme Island like the sea will crosse,
And many goodly buildings goe to wracke,
Many a widowe weepe her dying sonne,
And many a mother to her helpelesse babes
Cry out vncomfortably; children peace,
Your crying vnto me is all in vaine,
Dead is my husband, your pooze father slaine.

Yong Br. We can not helpe it vnkle. (power:

Ri. No, you see intreats & humble suites haue now no
But lust and wrach the kingdome doth deuour.

Br. & he did menace first, and much I feare
He will to Gilford, and bessege my wife.

Fitz. O, hie to saue her, Richmond ride with him,

Rich. Let vs away Bruse, least we come to late,
And with vs take some scoze of men well armed.

Exeunt Richmond,

Fitz. Doe: Lester, and my selfe will keepe the citie,
Till we are turnisht with an able armie.
Your Nephew Bruse, shal take an hundred armed men,
And poast to Hartford Castle with your sister:
Such wrong will wake vs, we will keepe such watch,
As for his life, he shall not hurt vs bying.

Exeunt omnes.

The death of Robert

¶ Enter Queene, *Bruses* Ladie, *Hubert*, *Salisbury*.

Qu. Be comforted good *Hadame*, doe not feare,
But giue your sonne as pledge vnto the king:
Your selfe at Court may keepe him company.

Wi. I am betraid, alas I am betraid,
And little thought your Highnesse had bene hent,
So much against me, for my many loues,
As to prepare an entrance for my foe.

Qu. As I shall liue in heauen, I did not knowe
Of *Huberts* comming: but lament not this:
Your sonne you say is gone; what feare you then?

Wi. O madame, murder, mischief, wrongs of men
I feare, I feare: what ist I doe not feare?
Sith hope is so farre of, despaire so neare.

Ox. Answer mee good *Hubert*, I pray the *Hubert* doe.
What thinke you of this matter, may I on your word
Perswade the woman that all things are well?

Hu. You may perswade her, if you can my Lord:
For I protest I knowe no other thing,
But that the king would haue him for a pledge of the
Lord *Bruses* faith.

Sal. And reason too. Now by my Honour, *Hubert*, I
protest it is good reason.

Bruse, I tell you plaine,

Is no sound cloake, to keepe Iohn from the raine.

I will goe to her.

Hu. Doe good simple *Carle*.

If not by threats, nor my intreats she yeld,

Thy braine is barren of inuention,

Dried by with care: & neuer will she yeld her sonne to
thee, that hauing power, wantst wit.

Br. Wife, I ouerheare thee *Hubert*.

Ox. So do I dame *Bruse*:

But stir no coles: the man is well belov'd,
And merits more than so.

Br. W. But I will answer:

Hubert

Earle of Huntington.

Hubert, thou fatall keeper of pooze babes,
That are appointed hostages for Iohn,
Had I a sonne here, as I haue not one
(For yester day I sent him into Wales)

Thinkst thou I would be so degenerate,
So farre from kinde, to giue him vn to thee?
I would not I protest: thou knowest my minde,

Ox. Ladie, you feare more than you neede to doe,
Indeede you doe, in very deede you doe:
Hubert is wzongd about the thing you meane,
About young Arthus: O, I thought it was so:
Indeede the honest, good, kinde gentleman
Did all he might for safegard of the childe.

Qu. Beleue me Hadanie Bruse, the man is wzongd.
B.w. But he wzongs me, to keepe my Castle thus,
Disarming my true seruants, arming his.
Now more of outrage comes, what shall I doe?

¶ Enter the king, Mowbray, Winchester, Chester.

King. O this is well. Hubert, wheres Bruses sonne?

Wi. Where thou shalt neuer see him, Iohn.

K. Ladie, we shall haue talke with you anone.

Where is he Hubert? (to confesse.

Hu. Hid, or fled my Lord: we can by no means get her

Sa. Welcome to Gilsford, Oxfords liefest Lord.

K. You scarce giue welcome, ere I bid you goe:

For you my Lord, the Queene and Winchester,
Shall march to Harford. Sweete Isabell,

And if thou loue me, play the Amazon.

Marilda that hath long bewitcht mine eye,

Is as I heare by spials, now in Harford Castle;

Besiege her there: for now her haughty father

Ruffians it by and downe, and all the brood

Of viperous traitors whet their poysoned teeth,

That they may feed on vs that foster them.

Go forward, and goe with you victorie:

The death of Robert

Which to assure, my powers shall followe you.

Sall. Did I not tell you this: then trust me next:
May he be chang'd, and cares no more for her,
Than I doe Madame.

King. Be gone I say, be gone:
Your speede, rich victorie attendeth one
But your delay
May giue your foes the happie glorious day,
Qu. One boone my Liege, and part.

Kin. Be briefe.

Qu. Shew that poore Ladie pittie, I beseech. *Exeunt.*

Kin. I will indeede. Come Ladie, let vs in.
You haue a sonne, goe in and bring him mee,
And for the Queenes sake I will fauour yee.

B. W. I haue no son: come, come: come in and search,
And if you finde him, wretched may I bee. *Exit.*

Ki. Chester and Hubert, see you keepe good watch.
Not farre of doe I heare a warlike sound:
Bruse on my life: looke too't while I goe in
To seeke this boy; for needs we must haue him.
Come with vs Mowbray. *Exeunt.*

¶ Enter Bruse, Richmond, Souldiers.

Rich. The Castle gates are shut. what ho? what ho?
You that are seruants to the Lady Bruse,
Arise, make entrance for your Lord and friends.

Enter, or aboue, Hugh, Winchester.

Hu. We will make issue ere yee enter here.
Who haue we there, Richmond and Bruse? Ist you?
What, vp so soone, are yee so earely here?
In you yfaith the Proverb's verified:
Ware earely vp, and yet are nere the neare.

Rich. The worse our fortune, Bruse let vs goe hence,
We haue no power to fight, nor make defence.

Ch. What Richmond, will you proue a Runaway?
Rich. From thee good Winchester: Now y Lord defend.
Bruse

Earle of Huntington.

Bruse, we will stay and fight.

Br. 'Tis to no end: we haue but twentie men, & they be tyr'd.

But ere we doe retire, tell me Lord Hubert,

Where are my wife and sonne?

Hu. Your wife is here, your sonne we cannot finde.

Br. Let son & wife, high heauens, your comfort finde.

Exeunt.

¶ Enter King, Mowbray, Ladie Bruse,

Chest. Bruse hath beene here, my Lord.

Ki. I, let him goe: we haue good pledges: though wee see but one,

The other we are sure will come anone.

Mow. I doe aduise you, for your owne discharge,

Deliu'r by your sonne vnto the king.

King. Nay let her chuse. Come hither Mowbray.

The king and Mowbray whisper.

Hu. The king is angry; Ladie Bruse aduise you.

L. Br. What he aduise'd by thee, to haue my louing, kinde and prettie boy, giuen to an unkinde killer of sweete boyes?

Ch. Madam go too, take counsell of your friends, I warrant you the king will vse him well.

L. B. I, as he vs'd his nephew, Arthur Chester: God blesse my childe from being vs'd so.

Mow. Sir Hubert, what are all the people voided, the boyes and the cattle turned forth?

Hu. Mowbray, they be.

Mow. Then will I doe the kings commaundement.

L. B. What will he doe! good lord, what will he doe!

Mowbray, I pray you what ist you will doe.

Mo. Why? fire the Castle.

L. B. The Castle Mowbray? tarry, tarry man,

Hold me not Chester, gentle Mowbray stay:

Good hubert let me goe.

G

Mow.

The death of Robert

Mow. You must not go: the king is moou'd and will not heare you speake.

L. Br. But he shall heare mee, Pittie mee king Iohn, call Mowbray backe: heare mee for pitties sake, regard the Ladie Bruses wofull cry.

K. What dost thou aske?

L. First call backe Mowbray.

K. Stay Mowbray: now he byese.

L. I haue some linnen garments, iewels, tyres, packt in a hamper here within the lodge: O let me saue it from consuming fire.

K. And is this all?

L. Its all the little all, I here haue left.

King. Away, set fire; linnen and trash.

L. Once more heare mee, theres a pretious Iem, You haue not any richer in all the Realme:

It fire doe blemish it, Arte neuer more, To his true colour, can the same restore.

Ki. Fetch it: two of yee helpe her to her hamper hither.

L. Nay, nay: one will suffice: the Jewell if I saue, is all I aske. Exit with Chester.

Kin. We shall her Jewell haue.

hu. She is very fearefull I should keepe her sonne.

Within, La. Ye doe, yee doe.

Ki. Glas good Ladie: harke, Chester & she are chiding,

Enter Chester and she, leading the boy.

La. Let goe his hand, Is this a pawe, thinke you,

To holde a tender hand in? sic for shame:

A noble man so churlish? Looke I pray,

His armes are gristles.

King. How now Lady Bruce,

Dost Chester hurt the Jewell of your isy?

Now by my troth it is a prettie boy.

La. I knewe your Pittie as much as I, you would say more.

King

Earle of Huntington.

Ki. Well, he and you of vs no wrong shall haue:
But stay in Windsor Castle with sir Walter Blunt,
And honourably be vsed: pponibed till,
Your husband and your sonne obey our will.

L. For this great mercie, if they disobey,
My selfe will chide them: Fortune followe Iohn,
And on his foes fall swift destruction. *Exeunt.*

K. Come let vs now after the Queene & Oxford.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Oxford, Souldiers.

Qu. Now are ye, worthy and resolu'd men,
Come to the cage where the vnleane birds bide,
That tyre on all the faire flight in the Realme.
Summon this Castle, or (to keepe my words)
This cage of night-hid owles, light-flying birds.

*Offer to summon. Enter yong Bruse, Matilda,
Souldiers.*

Ox. Stay dum: thou need'st not summon willing men:
Or rather wilfull: for such me thinke they be.

Qu. Se pee yon baggage, muffled in black weeds?
Those clouds folde in the Comet, that portends
Sad desolation to this royall Realme:
For euer seeke to make her light, good friends.
Let vs disrobe her of each little beame,
And then your Phœbus will one Phoebe haue,
That while they shue their iend your land true light,
Shine to yon day, rest to your night.
Assaile them: stay not.

Ox. Stay, and assaile them first.
I say to you, faire Queene, this fact is foule.
Let not prouoking words whet dull edged swords:
But try if we can blunt sharpe blades with words.
Pierwaters Nephew, Bruse, I see thee there,
And tell thee, it is shame for such a boy,

The death of Robert

To lead a many able men to fight.
 And modest looking maid, I see you too:
 And vnsit sight, to blesse virginittie
 Guarded with other souldiers, than good praier:
 But you will say the king occasions it.
 Say what you will, no king but would take cause:
 Of iust offence: yeld you young Bruse: your mother is
 in holde.
 Yeld you young maid: your father is in holde.
 Ma. Will the Queene keepe me from the lustfull king?
 Then will I yeld.

Qu. A plague vpon this counterfeiting queene,
 Ma. Gods blessed mercy, will you still be mad,
 And wrong a noble virgin with vile speech?
 Ox. Let me alone: Matilda, maiden faire,
 Thou virgin spouse, true Huntingtons iust heire,
 Wilt thou come hither: and I doe protest,
 The Queene and I, to mitigate this warre,
 Will doe what thou wouldst haue.

Ma. I come.

Br. You shall not goe: sound drums to warre.

Ox. Alack, alack for woe: well God for vs, sith it
 will needes be so.

Alarum, fight, stay.

Ox. What stay you for?

Br. Matildaes cryes doe stay vs.

Mat. Oxford, I come in help: of my defence.

Br. I will I sweare you shall yeld your selfe;

To any coward Lord that serues the King.

Ox. Toward proud boy: thou findest me no such beast,
 And thou shalt rue in earnest this rude test.

Fight againe, Matilda taken, led by the haire by
 two Souldiers.

Ox. Rude hands how hale you vertuous honour forth?
 You doe not well: a way: now by my faith,

You

Earle of Huntington.

Per doe not well I say.

Take her, faire Queene, vse her as she deserves:

Shes faire, shes noble, chaste, and debonaire.

I must, according to due course of warre,

See that our souldiers scatter not too fere,

Least what care wonne, our negligence may loose. Exit.

Qu. Is this the Helen, this the Paragon,

That makes the English linus flame so fast?

mar. I am not he, you see I am not thee:

I am not raniht yet, as Helen was,

I know not what will come of Johns desire,

That rages like the sea, that burnes like fire.

Qu. Plaine John, proud Ione? He teare your painted,
face: thus, thus He vse you.

Enter Oxford.

Ma. Doe, doe, what you will.

Ox. How goes this geere? ha: foule fall so foule a deed,

Poorer chaste childe of Fitzwater dost thou bleed.

By Gods blest mother this is more than neede:

And more I tell you true than I would beare,

Where not the danger of the campe so neere.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the foes haue gathered head:

Lord Bruse the father, toyneth with the sonne.

Ox. Why heres the matter, we must spend our time,

To keepe your naitles from scratching innocence,

Which should haue bene bestowed for our defence.

What shall we now doe? helpe me holy God,

The foe is come, and we are out of ranke.

Skirmish: Queene taken, Marilda rescued.

Enter olde Bruse wounded, led by his sonne and

Lester.

Br. Is the field ours?

Young B. I, thanks to noble Lester.

Br. Give God thanks, sonne, be carefull to thy mother:

The death of Robert

Commend me to Fitzwater, Ioue thy brother,
If euer armes, or prayers may him recouer, Fals down,
Lest. How cheeres old Bruse?

Br. His soule to ioy is fled:
His griefe is in my bosome buried.

Lest. His life was dearely bought. If my eyes sawe
A shambles of dead men about his feete,
Sent by his sword vnto eternall shade:

With honour bury him: cease teares good Bruse.

Br. Teares helpe not I confesse: yet must I weepe.
Souldiers, your helpe to beare him to my tent.

Exeunt, cum Bruse.

Ma. Be comforted great Queene: forget my wrongs.
It was my fortune, and no fault of yours.

Qu. Is she thus milde? or doth she mock my chance?

Lest. Queene Elianor, are you a prisoner?

See what it is to be a souldier.

But what soule hand hath harm'd Matildaes faire?

Speake honourable maid: who toze thy haire?

Lest. Oxford or the Queene this violence?

Ma. Angentle groomes first tooke and toze me thus:

From whom old Oxford, chastising their wrong,

Most kindly brought mee to this gentle Queene:

Who laid her soft hand on my bleeding cheekes,

Gave kisses to my lips, wept for my woe:

And was deuising how to send me backe,

Euen when your last alarum frighted vs:

And by her kindnesse, fell into your hands.

Lest. Which kindnesse we returne. Madame, be free.

Souldiers, conduct the Queene whether she please.

Qu. Farewell Matilda: if I lue, beleene,

I will remember this. How I grieue,

That I should wrong so innocent a maid.

Come Ladie, old Fitzwater is not farre:

Hele weepe to see these scarres, full well I knowe.

Ma.

Earle of Huntington.

Ma Would I were from this wofull world of warre:
Surre I will scape, and to some pury goe. *Exeunt,*

Enter king, Oxford, Hubert,

K. Had you her then: had you her in your power?

Ox. I marry had we; we had taken her.

K. Had she beene in mine, *(her.*

Not all earths power, from my power, should haue freed

Ox. You are a king: and high are Princes thoughts:

It may be with your sight you could haue charc

An host of armed men: it may be so:

But we your subjects did the best we could:

Yet Bruse the father, backing Bruse the sonne,

Scattered our troopes: brought rescue to Matilda,

And tooke your peerlesse Queene, their prisoner,

K. On all the race of Bruses, for this wrong,
I will haue vengeance. Hubert, call in Brand. *Exit Hu.*

My Lord of Oxford, giue vs leaue a while to be alone.

Ox. I will my liege: but be you comforted,

The Queene will be recouer'd, doe not feare,

As well as ere she was;

K. Oxford, forbear I pray. *(I feare, Exit.*

Ox. Yet for the wrong she did vnto Matilda, I feare,

K. The father and the sonne did rescue her:

The mother and the sonne shall rue the deepe:

So it shall be: I am resolu'd thereon.

Matilda, my soules foode, those haue bereft:

And these of bodiles foode I will bereaue.

Enter Hubert, Brand.

K. Will Brand?

Brand. Your Maestie.

Make legs.

K. Lasse of your curtise. Hubert, stand aside.

Post speedily to Windsor: take this ring:

Bid Blunt deliuer Bruses wife and childe,

Into your hands: and aske him for the key

Of the darke tower, oze the dungeon vault:

The death of Robert

In that, see you shut vp the dam and hat.
 Priend to Blunt that you haue left them meat,
 Will serue some sennight: and vnto him say,
 It is my will you bring the key away.
 And here you sit, I charge you on your life,
 You doe not leaue a bit of bread with them.

Brand, I warrant you, let me alone.

Ki. Come backe againe with all the speede you may.

Hugh. Some cruell taske is pointed for that haue,
 Which he will execute as cruelly.

Kin. No ruth, no pittie shall haue harbour here,
 Till faire Matilda be within these armes,

Enter Oxford with the Queene.

Oxf. Comfort my Lord, comfort my gracious Lord.
 Your loue is come againe.

Ki. Ah Oxford, where?

Ox. Here my dread Soueraigne.

Kin. Thou ly'st, she is not there.

Ox. Under correction you wrong my age.
 Say I beseech you, is not this the Queene?

Kin. I cry you mercie Oxford, tis indeede.
 Where is Matilda?

Qu. Where vertue, chastitie, and innocence remain,
 there is matilda.

King How comes she, pray, to be so chaste, so faire, so
 vertuous in your eye?

Qu. She freed me from my foes, and neuer brg'd
 My great abuse, when she was prisoner.

Kin. What did you to her?

Qu. Railed vpon her first,
 Then tare her haire, and rent her tender cheekes.
 K. O heauen, was not the day darke at that foule deed?
 Could the sunne see, without a red eclipse,
 The purple teares fall from those tyrant wounds!

Out

Earle of Huntington.

Out Aethiope, Gypsie, thick lip't Blackamooze:
Wolfe, Tygresse, woe I haue either of them both.

Ox. Are you advis'd my Lord?

K. Dut Doting Earle.

Couldst thou endure to see such violence?

Ox. I tell you plaine my Lord, I brookt it not,
But staid the tempest.

K. Rend my lones cheekes'that matchlesse Effigie,
Of wonder-working, natures chiefeſt worke.
Teare her rich haire'to which, gold wyres,
Sunnes rayes, and beſt of beſt compares
(In their moſt pride) have no compariſon.
Abuſe her name? Matildaes ſacred name?

Barbarous outrage, rude. . . Je m'en vante.

Qu. I told you Oxford, you mistooke the king.

Ox. I did indeede: my liege Lords giue me leaue,
To leaue the Campe.

K. Away old foole: and take with thee that trull:
For if she stay,

Ox, Come Ladie, come away.

Tempt not his rage: ruine w^{ch} alwaies brings:

Just being loy'd, there is no trust in kings. Exit.

¶ Enter Mowbray.

mon. To armes king Iohn: Fitzwaters field is pitchd,

About some mile hence, on a champain plaine.

Chester hath displayed our souldiers in array:

The wings already have begun the fight.

K. Thither we will with wings of vengeance fly,

And winne marilda, or loose victoꝝ. Exeunt.

Enter Ladie Bruse, and Brand.

La. Why did my keeper put us in thy hands?

Wherein haue we offended Blunt or thee:

Brand. You neede not make these words:

You must remooue your lodging: this is all.

¶

Be

The death of Robert

Be not afraid: come come, here is the doore.

L. O God how darke it is!

Brand. Go in goe in: its higher by the staires.

La. My trembling heart forbids mee to goe in.

O if thou haue compassion, tell me true,

What my poore boy and I must trust vnto?

Brand. I tell thee true, compassion is my foe:

Pet haue I had of thee compassion.

Take in thy childe: as I haue faith or troth,

Thou and thy boy shall be but prisoners:

And I must daily bring you meat and drinke.

La. Well, thou hast sworn: and God so giue thee light,

As in this darke place thou remembrest vs.

Poore heart, thou laugh'st, and hast not wit to thinke,

Upon the many feares that me afflict,

I will not in helpe vs, assist vs Blunt;

We shall be murdred in a dungeon.

Brand. Cry without cause: Ile haue pee to payth.

La. O let my boy and I but dine with Blunt,

And then I will with patience goe in.

Br. Will ye, or nill ye, sounds, ye must goe in,

And neuer dine.

La. What saiest thou? neuer dine?

Bra. No not with Blunt, I meane. Goe in I say:

O by this hand, pee get no meat to day.

La. My childe is hungry. When shall he haue meat?

Bra. Why, and ye would goe in, immediately.

La. I will goe in: but very much I doubt,

No? I no? my poore boy shall ere come out. Exie.

Hee seemes to locke a doore.

Br. Here while pee liue, payth: now are they sure.

Cry till their hearts ake, no man can them heare.

A miserable death his punishment:

But what care I? the king commaunded me.

Alarum.

Earle of Huntington.

Alarum within: excursions. Enter *Fitzwater, Bruse.*

Fitz. Now doth faire fortune offer hope of speede:
But howsoere we speede: good cosin Bruse,
March with three hundred bowes & pikes to Windsor,
Spreading a rumour that the day is ours:
As ours it shall be, with the helpe of heauen.
Blunt loues our part farre better than the kings:
And will, I gage my life, vpon the newes,
Surrender by the Castle to our vse,
By this means shall you helpe vs to a holde,
How ere it chance, set free your Lady mother
That liues in prison there, with your young brother.

Br. Away good knike, to the battel goe:
But that a certaine good insues I knowe,
For all the world, I would not leaue you so.

Fitz. Away, away.
God send thee Windsor: vs this happie day.

Alarum still. Enter *Hughbert.*

Hu. You cannot hide your selfe Matilda: no disguise
Will serue the turne: now must you to the king:
And all these warres will with your presence cease.
Yield you to him, hee soone will yield to peace.

Ma. They say thou took'st some pittie of a childe,
The king appointing thee to seare his eyes.
Men doe report thee to be iust of word,
And a deare louer of my Lord the king.
If thou dost that if thou be one of these:
Pittie Matilda, prostrate at thy feete.

Hugh. I sau'd young Arthurs eyes, and pittie thee:
By words is iust, which I haue giuen the king.
The king I loue: and thee I knowe he loues.
Compare these: then how can I pleasure thee?

Ma. By letting me escape to Dunmow Abbey,
Where I will end my life a votary.

The death of Robert

Hu. And the king die with doting on thy loue.
Mat. No, no: this fire of lust would be soone laide,
 If once he knetwe me sworne a holy maid.
Hu. Thy teares and loue of vertue haue the power
 To make me, at an instant, true and false:
 True to distressed beautie and rare chastitie:
 False to king Iohn, that holds the sight of thee
 Dearer than England, or earths Emperie,
 Goe happie soule, that in so ill an age,
 Hast such faire beautie for thy heritage:
 Yet goe not so alone. Dost heare tall souldier?

Call a Souldier.

I know thee honest: guide this gentle maid,
 To Dunmow Abbey: she is one I knowe.
 I will excuse thee and content thee well.
 Thy signet take, - that yee may passe vnsearcht.
Mat. Kinde Hubert, many prayers, for this good deede,
 Shall on my beads be daily numbered,

¶ Enter *Lester, Richmond, Fitzwater.*

Lest. O trebble heat of honour, toyle and rage!
 How cheeres earle Richmond?
Fitzwater, speake old man.
 We are now neere together; answere mee.
Fitz. Lester, the more our woe,
 The likelier to be taken by the foe.

Rich. O let not such a thought abuse thy age:
 Weele neuer yeld vs to the tyrants rage.

Fitz. But if my gyle be yilded,
 Lest. If she be.

Fitz. I: theres no man but shall haue his time to dy.
Lest. Now is our hower: which they shall dearly buy.

¶ Enter *king, Hugh, Chester, Mowbray.*

Rich. Weele stand like three Battalions:
 What saies our noble Generall thereto?

Fitz.

Earle of Huntington.

Fitz. Why, I say doe: while I can, I keepe my place
with you.

King. How now my bug-bear, will ye now submit:
Lest To death, but not to thee.

King. Richmond, no? you?

Rich. Earle Richmond will not yeld.

K. Methinkes Fitzwater, you should haue more wit.

Fitz. If it be wit to liue, I haue no will:

And so in this, my will orerules my wit.

King. Alarum then, with weapons will (witt.)
We scourge your desperate will, and teach yee to haue
Fight: driue back the king.

Withdrowe.

K. Of high heroicke spirits be they all:
We will withdrawe a litle and conferre:
For they are circled round, and cannot scape.

Rich. O that we three, who in the suns arise,
Were (like the three Triumvirates of Rome)
Guides of an host, able to vanquish Rome,
Are now alone, inclos'd with enemies!

Fitz. The glorie of the world hath no more stay:
But as it comes, it fleetes, and fades away.

Lest. Courage, and let vs die; they come againe:
Its Lord Hugh Burgh alone, Hughberr, what newes?
Hu. This daies fierce slaughter, Iohn, our King, lamets:
And to you three, great leaders of an host,
That now haue not a man at all to leade:
You wortheie captaines without companies

Lest. Fitzwater, Richmond; by the blessed Sunne,
Lord Hubert mocks vs.

Hu. By the Poone I doe not, and put the blessed too't.
It is as good an oath as you haue swozne.
My heart grieues, that so great hearts, as yours be,
Should put your fortunes on a sort of slaues,
That bying base feare within them to the field:

The death of Robert

But to the matter. With your state is such,
That without mercie you are sure of death
(Which I am sure, and wel his Highnesse knowes,
You doe not feare at ali) yet he giues grant,
On iust conditions you shall saue your liues.

Fitz. On no condition will I saue my life,
Except Matilda be returnd againe,
Unblemisht, vnabuso; and then I yeld.

Hugh. She now is where she neuer will returne,
Fitz. Neuer? O God! is my Matilda dead?

Hugh. Deade to the world: dead to this woe she is.
She liues at Dunmow, and is now a Nunne.
Fitz. Doe not delude me Hubert, gentle sonne.

Hugh. By all the faith and honour of my kin:
By my vnsain'd alleagiance to the king:
By my owne woords, that hath repprouesse bin,
She is at Dunmow.

Fitz. O, how came she there?

Hu. When all these fields were walks for rage & fear
(This, howling like a head of hungry wolues:
That, scudding as a heard of frighted beere)
When dust arising like a cole blacke fogge,
From friend blinde friend, loyrd foe to foe:
Yet neither those, nor these could either know,
Till here and there through large wide mouthed wounds
Proud life, euen in the glorie of his heat,
Losing possession, belcht forth streames of blood:
Whose spouts in falling, made ten thousand drops,
And with that purple shower the dust alaid:
At such a time met I the trembling maid,
Seeming a dove, from all her fellows parted.
Scene, knowne, and taken: vnscene & vnknowne,
To any other that did knowe vs both,
At her entreats I sent her safely guided,
To Dunmow Abbey: and the guide returnd,

Earle of Huntington.

Assures me she was gladly receiv'd,
Pittied; and in his sight did take her oath.

Fitz. Hubert, for this thy honourable deede,
I and my house will reuerence thy name.

Hub. Yet, I beseech you, hide it from the King:
At least that I conuain her to the place.

Enter King, *Monbray, Chester,*

Fitz. Hubert, I will.

King. What stand they still on tearmes?

Left. On honourable tearmes, on tearmes of right.

Our liues without our libertie we scoone.

King. You shall haue life and libertie, I sweare.

Left. Then Lester bowes his knee to his liege Lord,
And humbly begs his Highnesse to beware
Of wronging innocēce, as he hath done.

Rich. The like Richmond desires; & yields his sword.

King. I doe embrace ye both, and hold my selfe
Richer by a whole Realm, in hauing you.

Fitz. Much is my wrong: yet I submit with these,

Begging free leaue, to liue a priuate life.

King. Old brands of malice in thy bosome rest.

Thou shalt haue leaue to leaue mee, neuer doubt.

Fitzwater, see thou shippe thee straight for France,

And neuer set thy foote on English shoze,

Till I repeale thee. Goe goe hence in peace.

Left. Why doth your Highnesse wrong Fitzwater thus?

King. I right his wrong; he's wearie of the land.

Rich. Not of the land, but of a publike life.

King. Content ye Lords; in such quick times as these,

We must not keepe a dyane among our bees.

Fitz. I am as glad to goe, as you to send:

Yet I beseech this fauour of your Grace,

That I may see Matilda ere I part.

King. Matilda? See Matilda, if thou canst
Before sunne set; stay not another day.

The death of Robert

The Abbey wals, that throtw my happy child,
 Appcare within her haplesse fathers sight.
 Farewell my Soueraigne. Lester, Richmond, Lozds:
 Farewell to all: grieve giues no way to words.

King. Fitzwater stay: Lozds, giue vs leaue a while,
 Hubert, goe you before vnto the Abbesse,
 And signifie our coming; let her bring

(Exit Hubert.)

Matilda to her father. Come old man;
 Be not too froward, and we shall be friends.
 About this girle our mortall iarres began:
 And if thou wilt, here all our quarrell ends.

Fitz. Reserve my honour, and my daughters fame,
 And no poore subiect that your Grace commands,
 Shall willinger submit, obey, and serue.

K. Do then but this; Perswade thy beautionous child,
 To leaue the Nunry and returne to Court:
 And I protest from henceforth to forswear
 All such conceits of lust as I haue bozne.

Fitz. I will, my Lord, doe all that I may doe:
 But giue me leaue, in this, to doubt of you.

K. This small thing graunt, and aske me any thing:
 Or else die in exile, loath'd of the King.

Fitz. You shall perceiue I will doe what I may.

Enter, on the wall, Abbess, Matilda.

Hu. Matilda is afraid to leaue the house;
 But loe, on yonder battlement she stands:
 But in no case will come within your hands.

K. What will my Lady Abbess warres with vs:
 Speake Ladie; wherefore shut you vp your gates?

Ab. Haue we not reason, when an host of men,
 Hunt and pursue religious chastitie?
 King Iohn, bethinke thee what thou tak'st in hand,
 On paine of interdiction of thy Land.
 Murders and fellons may haue sanctuary:

And

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

And shall not honorable maids distressed,
Religious virgins, holy Nunnes profess,
Haue that small priuiledge: Now out vpon thee, out.
Holy Saine Catherine shield my virginitie:
I neuer stood in such extremitie.

hu. My Lord, the Abbesse lyes, I warrant you:
For I haue heard, there is a Monke of Bury,
That once a weake comes thither to make merry.

Kin. Content thee Hubert, that same monke and he,
And the worst come, my instruments shall be.
Good Ladie Abbesse, feare no violence:

Theres not one here shall offer you offence. (saide-
Ficz Daughter, all this while teares my speech haue

My Lord the King: Lords all pray neare I pray:
And heare a poore mans parting from his child.

matilda, Will my vnsained honours toy,
Faite Ornament of old Ficzwaters coat,
Bozne to rich fortunes, did not this ill age
Bereane thee of thy birth-rights heritage.

Thou seest our Soueraigne, Lord of both our lines,
A long besieger of thy chastitie,

Hath scattered all our forces, slaine our friends,
Raced our Castles, left vs nere a house

Whereto to hide vs from his wrathfull eye:
Yet God provides; France is appointed mee:

And thou findst house-roume in this Nunry.
Here if the king should vote, as he hath done,

Its sacriledge to tempt a holy Nunne:

But I haue hope he will not: yet my feare
So downes my hope, as I am for it to stay,

And leaue abruptly, what I more would say.

mat. O goe not yet, my grieued hearts comforter,
I am as valiant to resist desire,

As ever thou wert worchie in the field.
John may attempt: but if matilda yield,

The death of Robert

O then.

Fitz. I then Matilda, thou dost loose
The former glozie of thy chaste resolves.
These leauen years hast thou bid a Martyrs pains,
Restring in thy selfe lust-growing fier:
For being mortall, sure thou hadst desire:
And sue sad winters haue their full course runne,
Since thou didst bury noble Huntington.
In these years, many months, and many daies,
Hauē bene consum'd; thy vertues to consume:
Gifts haue bene heralbs, Pandars did presume
To tempt thy chaste eares, with their vnchaste tongues:
All in effect, working to no effect.
For I was still the watchman of thy tower;
The keeper of foule woymes, from my faire flower:
But now, no more, no more Fitzwater may
Defend his pooze Lambe, from the Lyons prey:
Thy order and thy holy prayers may
To helpe thee, thou hast prouided by lawe:
Therefore be resolute, and nobly die,
Abhorre base lust, defend thy chastitee.

K. Dispatch Fitzwater, hinder not thy childer:
Many preferments doe on her awaite.

Fitz. A girle, I know thou shalt be offerd wealth.
(Which is a shewde inticement in sad want)
Great honours to lift by thy lowe estate,
And glorious titles to eternize thee.
Al these doe but gild ouer vgly shame:
Such wealth, my child, foreruns releaselesse need:
Such honour euer proues dishonourate.
For titles, none comes neare a vertuous name:
O keepe it euer, as thou hast done yet.
And though these darke times should forget thy praise,
An age will come, that shall eternize it.
Bid me farewell, and speake it in a word.

Ma.

Earle of Huntington.

Ma. Farewell deare father,

Fitz. Oh farewell sweete childe.

My Liege farewell: Lester, Richmond, Hughbert,
Chester, and Mowbray: friends and foes farewell.
Matilda, see thou keepe thy spotlesse fame,
And liue eterniz'd; els die soone with shame. Exit.

Ma. Amen, amen: father, adieu, adieu:

Griefe dwels with mee, sweete comfort follow you.

Ab. Come daughter come: this is a wofull sight,
When good endeauours are oppress'd by might.

Excunt from aboue, Abbess, Matilda.

K. Ah Hubert, seest thou not the sunne go downe,
Clowdy and darke? Matilda, stay one word.

She shakes her head, and sorrowfully saies nay.

Rich. How cheer'st thou Lester?

Lest. O bad man, at my state:

That cannot raise true honour ruinate.

Enter Messenger.

King. I will not be disbeliue: I hope to see
Quick vengeance on this girle, for scornning me.
Nest Young Bruse, my Lord, hath gotten Windfor castle,
Slaine Blunt your Constable, and those that kept it:
And finding in a tower his mother dead,
With his young brother staru'd and famished:
That euery one may see the rufull sight,
In the thick wall he a wide windowe makes:
And as he found them, so he lets them be
A spectacle to euery commer by,
That heauen and earth, your tyrant shame may see.
All pe ople cursing, crying he vpon
The tyrant mercilesse, inhumane Iohn.

Ki. Chester, and Mowbray, march away to Windfor:
Suppresse that traitor Bruse. What if his dam,
In wilfull fury, would receiue nomet,
Nor suffer her young childe any to eat,
Is it our fault? Hast pee with speede away,

The death of Robert

And we will followe: goe, be gon I pray. *Exit, Ch. now,*

Hu. O black and wofull deede! O pittious thing,
When slaues attend the fierce thoughts of a king.

Lest. My Lord, shall we goe too?

Kin. Lester and Richmond, *I:* I pray yet doe.

Lest. Get I my Beare & ragged staffe once more
Raile in the field, for these wrongs some shall roare.

Exit Richmond, Lester.

K. fetch in the Monke of Bury, that I talkt off,

Exit Hubert, for the Monke.

And bid Will Brand, my instrument of death,
Come likewise in. Conuert, to raging hate,

Monke, Hugh, Brand, enter.

My long resisted loue. Welcome good Monke.

Mon. Thanks to my Liege.

K. Thou hast bene long in sute,

To be installed Abbot of your house:

And in your fauour many friends haue stir'd.

Now is the hower that you shall be prefer'd,

Upon condition, and the matter small.

Sho't shalt to make, good honest Confessor,

I loue a faire Nunne, now in Dunmow Abbey.

The Abbess loues you, and you pleasure her.

Now if, betweene you two, this prettie Ladie

Could be perswaded to affect a king,

Your sute is graunted; and on Dunmowe Abbey,

I will bestowe a hundred markes a yeare.

Mon. A holy Nunne, a young Nunne, and a Lady.

Deare ware my Lord; yet bid you well as may be:

Strike hands; a bargaine, she shall be your owne:

Or if she will not

Ki. Nay, if she doe refuse,

Ile send a deaths-man with you, this is hee:

If she be wilfull, leaue her to his hands:

And on her owne head be her halsted end.

Mon.

Earle of Huntington.

mon. The matter shall be done.

K. Sitra, what poysons haue you reade?

Brand. Stoze, stoze.

K. Waite on the monke then, and ere we take horse,
He giue you such instructions as you neede.
Hughbert, prepare to Windsor with our hoast.

Exit King, Monke.

HU. Your tyrantes haue lost my loue almost:
And yet I cannot chuse but loue eternally
This wanton king, replacat with crueltie.
O how are all his princely vertues staine,
With lust abhorred, and lasciuious heate!
Which kindling first to fire, nowe in a flame,
Shewes to the whole world clearly his fowle shame.
To quench this flame, full many a tide of teares,
Like ouerflowing full seas, haue bene spent:
And many a dry land drunke with humane blood;
Yet nothing helps his passions violent:
Rather they adde oyle to his raging fire,
Heate to his heate, desire to his desire.
Somewhat I feare, is now a managing.
For that prodigious bloodie stigmatique,
Is neuer cald vnto his kingly sight,
But like a Comet he portendeth still
Some innouation, or some monstrous act,
Cruell, vnkindly, horrid, full of hate:
As that vile deede at Windsor, done of late.
Gentle matilda some what I mistrust:
Yet thet I neede not feare. Such is his loue;
Againe, the place doth giue thee warrantise:
Yet I remember when his Highnesse said,
The lustfull monke of Bury should him aide:
I so it is; if he haue any ill,
Through plewd haueling wil her shame be wrought:
If it so chaunce, Matildaes guiltlesse wrong,

The death of ROBERT

Will with the losse of many a life be bought.
But Hubert will be still his dread Lords friend,
Howeuer he deserves, his master serue:
Though he neglect, him will not I neglect:
Whoeuer failes him, I will lohn affect.
For though kings fault in many a foule offence,
Subiects must sue, not mend with violence. Exit

Enter Oxford, Queene.

Ox. Now by my faith, you are too blame **Marianne**:
Euer tormenting euer vexing you?
Cease off these fretting humours, pray yee doe.
Griefe will not mend it, nought can pleasure you,
But patient suffering: no; by your Graces leaue,
Haue you such cause to make this hie and cry
After a husband; you haue not in good looth.
Nearly a childer this payment is not bad.
Content faire Queene, and do not chink it strange,
That kings doe sometimes seeke delight in change:
For now and then, I tell you, pooze men range.
Sit downe a little, I will make you smile.
Though I be now like to the snowie Alpes,
I was as hot as Aetna in my youth:
All fire yfaith, true heart of oake, right Steele,
A ruffian Ladie: often for my sport,
I to a lodge of mine dits make reioyce.
To biewe my deere I said; deare God can tell,
It was my keepers wife, whome I lou'd well.
My Countesse (God be with her) was a shrowe,
As women be, your Maestie doth knowe:
And some odde pickthanke put it in her head,
All was not well: but such a life I led,
And the pooze keeper, and his smoothe fact wife,
That will I, nil I, there he might not bide;
But for the people I did well provide:

And

Earle of Huntington.

And by gods mother, for my Ladies spight,
I trickt her in her kinde, I seru'd her right.
Where she at London, I the country kept;
Come thither, I at London would sojourne:
Came she to court, from court I straightway kept:
Return, I to the court would backe returne.
So this way, that way, euer way she went,
I still was retrograde, seld opposite.
Till at the last, by mildenesse and submission,
We met, kiss, ioynd, and here left all suspicion.

Qu. Now out vpon you Vere, I would haue thought,
The world had not containd a chaster man.

Ox. Now, by my fay, I will be swozne, I am.

In all I tell you, I confesse no ill,
But that I curbd a froward womans will:
Yet had my keepers wife bene of my minde,
There had bene cause some fault with vs to finde:
But I protest, her noes and napes were such,
That for my life she euer kept goe much.

Qu. You would take nay: but our king Iohn saies no.
No nay, no answer will suffice his turne:
He, for he cannot tempt true chastitie,
Filles all the Land with hostile crueltie:
Is it not shame, he that should punish sinne,
Defend the righteous, helpe the innocent,
Carues with his sworde, the purpose of his will,
Vpon the guarders of the vertuous,
And hunts admired spotlesse maiden-head,
With all the darts of desolation,
Because she scojne to be dissolute.
We, that he leaues, I doe not murmur at:
That he loues her, doth no whit me perplex,
If she did loue him, or my selfe did hate:
But this alone is it that me doth vex,
He leaues me that loues him, and her pursues,

The death of Robert

That loath him and loathes me: how can I chuse,
But sadly grieue, and moune in my greene youth?
When noz of her, noz mee he taketh ruthe.

Ox. Ha done, good Queene, for gods good loue, ha don.
This raging humour will no doubt be staid.
Vertuous matilda is profess a Nunne:
Within a mile, at Dunmow liues the maid:
God will not suffer any thing so vile:
Hee will not sure, that he should her defile.

Qu. Noz Church, noz chappell, Abbey, Nunry.
Are prouided from his intemperance.
But leaue we him, and let vs, I entreat,
Goe visit faire Matilda: much I am
In debt vnto the maide.

Ox. You are indeede.
You wrongd her, when with blowes you made her bleed.
But if you please to visit her, faire dame,
Our coach is readie: we will soone be there.

Qu. Thanks Oxford; and with vs I meane to beare
The beaution's garland, sent me out of Spaine:
Which I will offer in the Abbey chappell:
As witnesse of Matildaes chastitie.
Whom while I liue, I euer bow to loue,
In recompence of rash and causelesse wrong.

Enter Brand solus, with cuppe, bottle of poyson.

Brand. Good, by this hand: exceeding, passing good.
The dog no sooner dranke it, but, yugh, yugh quoth he:
So grins me with his teeth: lyes downe, and dies.
Yughst quoth I: by gogs bloud goe thy wales:
Of all thy line and generation,
Was neuer dog so woorthyt as thou art.
For ere thou di'dst, thou wert an officer:
I ly not, by these nailles, a squires place:
For the vile cur became a countesse taster,
So dyed the dog. Now in our next account

The

Earle of Huntington.

The Countesse comes, lets see a Countesse & a Nunne.

Why so? why so?

What would she haue the whole world quite vndone?

Woele meete her for that trick. What, not a king?

Hanging's too good for her; I am but a platne knaue,

And yet should any of these no forsooths,

These pray amayes, these trip and goes, these tits,

Deny mee; now by these:

A plague vpon this bottle and this cup:

I cannot aet mine oath: but too't againe,

By these ten ends of flesh and blood, I sweare:

First with this hand, wound thus about her haire,

And with this dagger lustilie lambacket:

I would pfaith, I, by my villany,

I would: but here, but here she comes,

Led by two doctors in sweete lechery:

If they speede, with my popson I goe by;

If not, hane at you maid: then steppe in I.

Enter Matilda, betweene the Monke and the Nunne.

Mon. And as I saide, faire maid, you hane done well,

In your distresse, to seeke this holy place:

But tell me truely, how doe you expell

The rage of lust-arsing heat in you?

Ma. By prayer, by fasting, by considering

The shame of ill, and meede of doing well.

Ab. But daughter, daughter, tell me in my eare,

Haue you no fleshly fightings now and then? whisper,

Brand. fleshly quoth you? a maid of threescore years,

And fleshly fightings sticking in her teeth?

Well wench, th'art matcht pfaith.

Ab. You doe confesse the king hath tempted you,

And thinking now and then on gifts and state,

A glowing heat hath proudly puffed you by:

But thanks to God, his Grace hath done you good.

R

Mon.

The death of Robert

Mon. Who, the kings Graces

Ma. No: Gods Grace, holy monke-

(maide)

Mo. The kings Grace faue would do you good, faue:

Mr. Ill good: he meanes my fame to violate.

Ab. Well, let that be.

Br. Good hand, good mother B.

How faue you would that that good deed should be?

Ab. I was about to say some what vpon a thing, O thus:

The maids that all the day are occupied, (it is)

In labour and chaste hallowed exercise,

Are nothing so much tempted while day lasts,

As we are tried and proued in the night.

Tell mee Matilda, had you since you came,

No dreames, no visions, nothing worth the notes:

Ma. No, I thanke God.

Ab. Truly you will, you will;

Except you take good heede and blesse your selfe.

For if I lie but on my backe a while,

I am past recovery, sure of a bad dreame.

You see you reuerend Monke: now God he knowes,

I loue him dearer for his holinesse:

And I beleue the diuell knowes it too:

For the soule fiend comes to me many a night,

As like the monke, as if he were the man.

Many a hundred nights, the Nuns haue seene:

Pray, cry, make crosses, doe they what they can.

Once gotten in, then doe I fall to worke,

My holy water bucket being nere hand,

I whisper secret spellles, and coniure him,

That the soule fiend hath no more powre to stand:

He downe, as I can quickly get him laid,

I blesse my selfe, and like a holy maide,

Turne on my right side: where I sleepe all night;

Without more dreames, or troubling of the spright;

Bravo. In a blesse by the crosse of my good blade,

Am

Earle of Huntington.

An excellent mother to bring vp a maid,
For mee I meane, and my good master, Iohn:
But neuer any for an honest man. Coughs.

Now he vpon that word of honestie:
Passing my throat, 'thad almost choked me:
Shlood Ile forswear it for this trick.

Mon. The trifle time. Faire maid, its thus in briefe:
This Abbey by your meanes may haue reliefe:
In hundred markes a yeare: answer I pray,
What will you doe herein?

Ma. Euen all I may.

Ab. Yes charitably spoken, my faire childer:
A little thing of yours, a little helpe
Will serue the turne; learne but to beare, to beare
The burden of this world, and it will doe.

Bra. Well goe thy waies: Is this no haud think you?

Ma. Hadam, the heauie burden of the world
Hath long oppressed mee.

Ab. But not press you right:

Now shall you beare a burden farre more light.

Ma. What burden bearing wherto tends this talke?

Mon. To you, to vs, this Abbey and King Iohn.

Me. O God forfend he should be thought vpon.

Mon. Lady, make short, the King must lie with you.

Ma. With me, with me?

First twins to the monke, then to the abbesse.

Ab. Sweete neuer looke so strange:

He shall come closely, no bodie shall see.

Ma. How can he come, but one hath eyes to see?

Mon. Your chamber windowes shall be shadowed.

Ma. But no baile from my conscience shadowes me.

Ab. And all the Nunnes sent quietly to bed.

Ma. But they will rise, and, by my blushing red,
Quickly giue guesse of my lost maidenhead.

Bra. She goes pfaith, by God she is their cowne.

Mo. Be not so nice, the sin is veniall:

The death of Robert

Considering you yield for charitie,
And by your fall, the Nunnerie shall rise.

Ab. Regard good counsell daughter, pray be wise.

Mon. Come, here's a sirre: wilt doe wench? wilt it do?

Ab. Say I, say I, forget the sound of no:

Or else say no and take it: wilt thou so?

mat. Doe you intend thus lewdely as you speake?

Br. I by gogs bloode do they: & moppet, you were best
To take their proffers, least if they forsake you,
I play the diuels part, step in and take you.

mat. Some holy water, helpe me blessed Nunnes.

Two damned spirits, in religious weedes,

Attempt to tempt my spotlesse chastitie:

And a third diuell gaping for my soule,

With horrid starings, gaskly frighteth me.

Ab. You may call while you will: but maids list what
Doe be assur'd this is your dying day. (We say,

Drawes a Crucifix.

mat. In his name that did suffer for my sinne,
And by this blessed signe, I coniure you:

Depart to vile fiends, retorne from whence yee came:

Anoide yee fiends, and cease to trouble mee. (rer.

Brand. Founds, he thinks vs diuels. Heare you conu-

Ecept you vse that tricke, to coniure downe

The standing spirit of my Lord the King,

That your good mother there, the Abbesse vses,

To coniure downe the spirit of the Donke,

Not all your crosses haue the power to blesse

Your bodie from a sharpe and speedie death.

ma. Are ye not fiends, but mortall bodies then?

Feeles them all.

(men;

Brand. Paid, maids: catch lower, when you seele possi-

sblood, I was neuer taken for the diuell till now?

ma. O where shall chastitie haue true defence,

When Churchymen lay this siege to innocence?

Where?

Earle of Huntington.

Where shall a maid haue certaine sanctuary,
When Laspie Lust rules: all the Runners
Now lie vpon yee both, false seeming Saints,
Incarnate diuels, diuelish hypocrites.
A colde Donke, an aged vailed Nunne,
Become hable Pandars / and with lustfull speech,
Assaile the chaste eares of true maidenhead.
Now lie vpon this age, would I were deade.

Monk. Come leaue her Ladie: she shall haue her wish.

Ab. Speede her I pray thee: should the baggage lide,
Sheele flaunder all the chaste Runnes in the Land.

Exeunt Monke, Abbess.

Bra. Well, well, goe get you two vnto your coniuering:
Let me alone to lay her on gods ground.

Ma. Why dost thou stay?

Bra. Why maid, because I must:

I haue a message to you from the king.

Ma. And thou art welcom to his humble maid,

I thought thee to be grim and sterre at first:

But now thou hast a sweete aspert, milde lookes.

Art thou not come to kill me from the king?

Brand. Yes.

Ma. And thou art welcom, euen the welcomst man,

That euer came vnto a woefull maid.

Be briefe goodfellow: I haue in the woyle,

No goods to giue, no will at all to make:

But Gods will and the kings on me be done.

A little money kept to giue in almes,

I haue about mee, deaths-man take it all:

Thou art the last poore alms-man I shall see.

Come, come, dispatch: what weapon will death weare,

When he assailes mee? Is it knife, or sworde?

A strangling cord, or sodaine flaming fire?

Bra. Neither, thou manly maid: looke here, look here:

A cup of popson. Wherefore dost thou smile?

The death of Robert

Mat. O God, in this the king is mercifull.
 My deare lord Huntington by popson dyed.
 Good fellow, tell the king I thanke his Grace,
 And doe forgive his causelesse crueltie,
 I doe forgive thee to; but doe advise
 Thou leaue this bloodie course, and seeke to saue
 Thy soule immortall, closed in thy brest:

Gues it her.

Be bylese I pray thee: now to King Iohns health
 A full caroule; and god remember not
 The curse he gaue himselte at Robin: death,
 Withing by popson he might end his life,
 If euer he solicited my loue.

Farewell goodfellowe, now thy medicine wo:kes,
 And with the labour, I am forced to rest.

Bra. Founds she cares not, she makes death a feast.
 Ma. The guiltlesse feare not death. Farewel good friend
 I pray thee be no trouble in my end.

He stands staring and quaking.

Enter Oxford, Queene, Abbesse, attendants.

Ox. And say you Ladie Abbesse that there came
 One from the King unto her? what was hee?

Ab. Ponder he stands, I know not what he is.

Still he stands staring.

O. Iesus haue mercy. Oxford, come not nigh him.

Ox. Not nigh him Madam: yes: keepe you away.

Ab. Come in good Queene: I doe not mean to stay.

Exit Ab.

Now I to stirre, before I see the end.

Ox. Why startest thou thus? speake fellow, answer me.
 Who art thou?

Bra. A bloodie villaine, and a murderer.
 A hundred haue I slaine with mine owne hands.
 'Twas I that slay'd the Ladie Bole to death,
 And her young sonne, at Windsor Castle late.

Ex

Earle of Huntington.

'Tis I haue slaine Marilda, blessed maid,
And now will hurry to damnations mouth,
Forst by the gualwing worme of conscience. Duns in.

Ox. Held him for gods sake: stay the desperate wretch.
ma. O some good pittying man compassionate.

That wretched man, so woefull desperate:
Save him for gods sake: he hath set me free,
From much worlds woe, much wrong, much miserie.

Qu. I heare thy tongue, true perfect charitie.
Chaste maide, faire maide, looke vp and speake to mee.

ma. Whose here? my greiuous soueraigne Isabell?
I will take strength and kneele. girl,

Qu. Marilda sit, Ile kneele to thee. Forgiue me, getle
My most vngentle wrongs.

ma. Faire beauntious Queene,
I giue god thanks, I doe not thinke on wrongs.

Ox. How now Fitzwaters childe? how dost thou girl?
ma. Well, my good Lord of Oxford: pzetie well:

A little trauell more, and I shall rest:
For I am almost at my ioynepes end.
O that my head were rais'd a little vp:
My house head, whose dim decaying lights;
Assure me it is almost time to sleep.

Raise her head.

I thanke your Highnesse, I haue now some ease.

Be witnesse, I beseech your Highnesse,
That I forgiue the King, with all my heart:
With all the litle of my liuing heart,

That giues me leaue to say, I can forgiue:

And I beseech high heauen he long may liue

A happie King, a king belou'd and fear'd,

Oxford, for gods sake, to my father wite.

The latest commendations of his childe:

And say, Marilda kept his Honours charge,

Dying a spotlesse maiden vndefilde,

The death of Robert

Wid him be glad, for I am gone to rest:
That did turne his weale to bitter woe:

The king and he will quickly now growe friends,
And by the friendship much content will growe,
Sinke earth to earth, save flower, or baird to take:

But passe forth soule vnto the house of peace,
Weg there attouement may be quickly made,

Faire Dreene, kinde Oxford, all good you attend:
If I for my soule, heauens king be there thy friend.

Ox. O pittie, mourning sight, age pittiesse!

Are thele cheere fages king Iohn doth send?

Kepe in, my teares, for shame, your conduits keepe;

Sad doe beholding eyes: no, will ye not?

Why, then a Gods name weepe.

Qu. I cannot weepe for wraich: here, here, take in
The blessed soule of this noble maide:

In milke white cloathing let the same be laide,

Exeunt with the bodie.

Upon an open bier, that all may see

King Iohns unkingly last and cruelle.

Ox. I, be it so. Your selfe, if so you please,

Will I attend vpon, and both vs waite:

On chaste matildes bodie which with speede,

To Windfor Castle we will hence conuey:

There is another spectacle of ruth,

Old Brules famisht Ladie and her sonne.

Qu. There is the king besieging of poore Brule,

His Lords are there: who when they see this sight,

I know will haue small heate for Iohn to fight.

Ox. But whete is the murderer, ha is not he staid?

Ser. Bozne with a violence rage, he climd a tree,

And none of vs could hinder his intent:

But getting to the top boughes, fall he tied

His garters to his necke, and a weake branch,

Which being vnable to sustaine his weight,

Downe

Earle of Huntington.

Downe to the ground he fell, where bones and flesh
Lie paynt together, in a poole of bloode,

Ox, Alas for woe; but this is iust heauens doome
On those that liue by bloode: in bloode they die.
Pay an example of it, honest friends,
Doe well, take paines, beware of crueltie.
Come Hadam, come, to Windfor let vs goe:
And there to Bruses grieve, adde greater woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bruse, vpon the walles.

Bru. Will not my bitter bannings and sad plaints,
My iust and execrable execrations,
My teares, my prayers, my pittie-mouing moanes
Prenaile, thou glorious bright Lampe of the day,
To cause thee keepe an obit for their soules,
And dwell one month with the Antipodes?
Bright sunne retire, gyde not this vault of death,
With thy illustrate rates: retye, retye,
And yeld black night thy Empery a while:
A little while, till as my teares be spent,
My bloode be likewise shed in raiuing drops,
By the tempestuous rage of tyrant Iohn.
Learne of thy loue, the morning: she hath wept,
Shower vpon shower, of siluer deawie teares.
High trees, lowe plants, and prettie little flowers
Witnesse her woe: on them her grieve appeares:
And as she ozeepes on them, they doe not let,
By droppe and droppe, their mother earth to wet.
See these hard bones, how fast small rouelets
Issue from them, though they seeme issuelesse:
And wet eyed woe on enery thing is biewed:
Saue in thy face that smil's at my distresse.
Doe not drinke their teares thus greedily:
Yet let the mornings mourning garment dwell
Upon the sad earth. Wilt thou not, thou churle?

L

Then

The death of Robert

Then surfet with thy exhalations speedily:
 For all earths venemous infecting wormes
 Haue belcht their feuerall poysons on the fields,
 Mixing their simples in thy compound draught.
 Well rheebus well, drinke on I say, drinke on:
 But when thou dost vngorge thee, grant me this,
 Thou power those poysons on the head of Iohn.

Drum. Enter *Chester, Mowbray, Souldiers: Lester,*
Richmond at an other: Souldiers.

Br. How now my Lords: were ye last night so pleas'd
 With the beholding of that proprietie,
 Which Iohn and other murderers haue wrought,
 Upon my starued mother and her sonne:
 That you are come againe? Shall I againe
 Set open shop, shew my dead ware, beare bought,
 Of a relentlesse merchant that doth trade
 In the red sea, swolne mightie with the bloud
 Of noble, vertuous, harmelesse innocents?
 Whose cole black vessell is of Ebonie,
 Their shrouds & tackle (wrought & wou'n by wrong)
 Stretcht with no other gale of winde, but griefe:
 Whose sighes with full blasts beateth on her shrouds:
 The Daster murder is, the Pilot shame,
 The Partners rape, theft, and perjury:
 The burden, tyrannous oppression,
 Which howlerly he in England doth vnlade:
 Say, shall I open shop, and shewe my wares?
 Lest, No, good Lord Bruse, we haue enough of that.

Drum: Enter king, *Hubert, Souldiers.*

Ki. To Windfor welcome, Hubert: Sofme thinks
 Bruse and our Lords are at a parly now?

Br. Chester and Mowbray, you are Iohns sworn friends:
 Will you see more? Speake, answere me my Lords:

Earle of Huntington.

I am no niggard, you shall haue your fill.

Both. We haue too much, and surfet with the woe.

Br. Are you all full? Here comes a rauening kite,
That both at quick, at deade, at all will finite.
Ye shall, he must, I, and his Lady, may
Commaund me to giue ouer holy day,
And set wide open, what you would not see.

Ki. Why stand ye Lords, and see this traitour peacht,
Upon our Castles battlements so proude?
Come downe young Bruse, set ope the castle gates:
Vnto thy soueraigne, let thy knee be bow'd,
And mercie shall be giuen to thee and thine.

Br. O miserable thing:

Comes mercie from the mouth of Iohn our king?

Why then belike hell will be pittifull.

I will not ope the gates, the gate I will:

The gate where thy shame, and my sorowe sits.

See my dead mother, and her famisht sonne:

Open thy tyrants eyes: for to the world,

I will lay open thy fell cruelties.

K. We heard indeede, thy mother and her sonne
In prison dyed, by wilfull famishment.

Br. Sinne doubled vpon sin, so launderst thou the dead?

Unwilling willingnesse it shall appeare,

By then I haue product, as I will doe,

The iust presumptions gainst your vnjust act.

K. Assaile the castle Lords: Alarum drums:

And down this scricch howls cripes to your deep sounds.

Lest I tell thee drummer, if thy drum thou smite,

By heauen, Ile send thy soule to hels darke night.

Hence with thy drum: gods passion, get thee hence:

We gone I say, moue not my patience. Exit drum.

K. Are you aduised Lester, what you doe?

Lest I am aduised: for my Soueraigne knowe,

Theres not a Lord here will lift vp his arme,

The death of Robert

Against the person of your noble youth,
Till you haue heard the circumstantiall truth,
By good presumptions, touching this soule deede.
Wherefore goe on young Brule, proceede, resell
The allegation that puts in this doubt,
Whether thy mother through her wilfulnesse,
Famisht her selfe and her sweete sonne, or no?

Br. Unlikely supposition: nature first denies,
That any mother, when her youngling cries,
If she haue meanes, is so vnmaturall
To let it faint and starue. But we will prooue
She had no meanes; except this monesfull meane,
This torture of her selfe. Come forth, come forth,
Sir William Blunt, to whom slaunder saies I flew:
Come tell the king and Lords what you know true.

King. Thou hast betrayed our Castle. (report,

Blunt. For God can tell it was surpris'd by policicke
And affirmation that your Grace was slaine.

Rich. Go on, sir William Blunt;

Pass briefly to the Ladies famishment.

Bl. About some ten daies since, there came one Brand,
Bringing a signet from my Lord the king,
And this commission signed with his hand,
Lords looke, and read the thing.

Commanding me (as the contents expresse)

That I should presently deliuer vp
The Ladie Brule and her young sonne to him.

Mow. What time a day was this?

Bl. It was, Lord Mowbray, somewhat past eleuent.

For we were euen then sitting downe to dine.

Lest. But did yee dine?

Bl. The Ladie and her sonne did not:

Brand would not stay.

Bru. No Lester, nor so; here is no such signe
Of any meate digested.

Rich.

Earle of Huntington.

Rich. But by the way. Tell vs I pray you Blant,
While she remained with you, was she distraught
With griefe, or any other passions violence?

Blu. She now and then would weepe, & often pray,
For reconciliation twixt the king and Lords.

Chest. How to her sonne did she affected stand:

Blu. Affection could not any moze affect:

For might a mother shewe moze mothers loue:

Mowb. How to my Lord the king? (king moze:

Bl. O my Lord God! I neuer knewe a subiect loue
She neuer would bin telling how his Grace

Sau'd her young sonne from soldiers, & from fire:

How faire he spake, gaue her her sonne to keepe:

And then, poore Ladie, she would kisse her boy,

Pray for the king so hearty earnestly.

That in pure zeale, she wept most bitterly.

K. I weepe for her, and doe by heauen protest,

I honour'd Bruse's wife. How ere that slane

Rudely effected what I rashly wild:

Yet when he came againe, and I bethought,

What bitter pennance I had put them to,

For my conceiu'd displeasure gainst old Bruse,

I had the villaine posse and beare them meat:

Which he excus'd, protesting pittie mou'd him.

To leaue wine, bread, and other poudzed meate,

More than they twaine could in a fortnight eate.

Blu. I see, this can I witnesse with the king,

Which argues in that point his innocence:

Brand did beare in a months prouision;

But lockt it like a villaine, farre from them;

And lockt them in a place where no mans eare

Might heare their lamentable wofull mones:

For all the issue both of vent and light,

Came from a loouer at the towers toppe,

Uill now Lord Bruse made open this wide gappe.

The death of Robert

Br. Had I not reason, thinke you, to make wise
 The windowe that should let so much woe forth?
 Where sits my mother martyrd by her selfe,
 Hoping to saue her childe from martyrdom:
 Where stands my brother martyrd by himselfe,
 Because he would not taste his mothers bloud.
 For thus I gather this; my mothers teeth and chin
 Are bloudy with the sauage cookery,
 Which her soft heart, through pittie of her sonne,
 Respectlesse, made her practise on her selfe:
 And her right hand, with offering it the child,
 Is with her owne pure bloud staine and defilde.
 My little brothers lips and chin, alone,
 Are tainted with the bloud: but his eauen teeth,
 Like orient pearle, or snowe-white puory,
 Haue not one touch of bloud, one little spot;
 Which is an argument the boy would not
 Once stir his lips, to taste that bloudy foode,
 Our cruell gentle mother ministred:
 But as it seem'd (for see, his prettie
 Palme is bloody too) he cast it on the ground.
 For on this side these blessed reliques lye,
 By famines rage diuided from this hyne,
 Sad wofull mother in Ierusalem,
 Who when thy sonne and thou didst faint for foode,
 Burped his sweete flesh in thy hungry wombe:
 How mercilesse wert thou, if we compare
 Thy fact and this: for my pooze Ladie mother
 Did kill her selfe, to saue my dying brother.
 And thou vngentle sonne of Miriam,
 Why didst thou beg life when thy mother lackt?
 My little brother George did nobly act
 A more couragious part; he would not eat,
 Nor beg to liue, it seem'd he did not cry:
 Few teares stand on his cheeke, smooth is each eye:
But

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

But when he sawe my mother bent to die,
He dyed with her: O childish valiancie!

Kin-Good Bruse haue done: my heart can not containe
The griefe it holds, my eyes must shoure down raine.

Lest, Which flowers are euen as good,
As raine in haruest, or a swelling floode
When neighbouring meadows lack the mowers sithe:

¶ A march for buriall, with drum and fife. Enter Oxford,
Matilda borne with Nuns, one carrying a white pen-
dant. These words writ in golde; *Amoris, Castitatis, &*
Honoris honos. The Queene following the Biere, car-
rying a Garland of flowers: set it in the midst of the
Stage.

Rich. List Lester, hearest thou not a mournfull march?
Lest. Yes Richmond, and it seemeth old de Vere.

Ox. Lords, by your leaue, is not our soueraign here?

K. Yes good old Awbury.

Ox. Ah my gracious Lord,

That you so much your high state should neglect!

Ah god in heauen forgive this bloudie deede.

Young Bruse, young Bruse, I weepe,

Thy mothers and thy brothers wrong:

Pet to afflict thee more, more griefe I bring.

Br. O Honourable Awbery de Vere,

Let sorrow in a sable sute appeare:

Doe not misshape her garments, like delight.

If it be griefe, why cloth'st thou her in white?

Ox. I cannot tell thee pet: I must sit downe.

Attend young Bruse, and listen to the Queene:

Sheele not be tongue tyed, we shall haue a stirre

Anone, I feare, would make a man halfe sicke.

Qu. Are you here leacher? O intemperate king,

The death of Robert

Wilt thou not see mee? come, come, shewe your faces
 Your Graces gracelesse, kings, vnkingly face.
 What? mute, hands folded, eyes fixt on the earth?
 Whose turne is next now to be murdered?
 The samisht Bruses are on yonder side:
 On this another, I will name anone:
 One for whose head this garland I doe beare,
 And this faire milke-white spotlesse pendant too.
 Looke vp king Iohn, see, yonder sits thy shame:
 Wonder it lyes: what, must I tell her name?
 It is Matilda, popsoned by thee.

Ki. matilda: O that foule swift footes slaue,
 That kills ere one haue time to bid him saue.
 Faire gentle girle, vngently made away.

Br. My banisht vnckles daughter, art thou there?
 Then I desie all hope, and sweare

Lest. Stay Bruse, and listen wel what oath to swear.
 Lewys the Dolphin, pittying our estate,
 Is by the Christian king his father, sent
 With aid to helpe vs, and is landed too.
 Lo, vs that will fly the deuine of cruelty,
 And fight to free your selues from tyranny,
 Bruse, keepe that Castle, to the only vse
 Of our elected king, Lewys of Fraunce.

Oxf. Gods passion doe not so: king Iohn is here.
 Lo, vs, whisper not with Lester. Lester, sit:
 Seir not againe regardlesse mutinie:
 Speake to them Hugh: I know thou loou'st the king.
 Madame, goe to them, nay doe, for gods sake doe:
 Downe with your stomacke: for if he goe downe,
 You must downe too, and be no longer Queene:
 Advise you, goe intreat them speedily.
 My soueraigne, wherfoze sit you fighting there?
 The Lords are all about to follo we Lewys:
 Up and intreat them, els they will away.

Kin,

Earle of Huntington.

K. Good Oxford let them goe. Why should they stay?
Ox. What are you desperate? that must not be.
Heare me my Lords,

All stand in Counsell.

Ki. This pendant let mee see.
Amoris, Castitatis, & Honoris honos.
She was indeede be of London the honour once,
When she was lo'd of vertuous Huntington;
Of chastitie the honour, all her life:
To impure thoughts she neuer could be wonne.
And she of Honour was the honour too,
By birth, in life, the honour honoured.
Bring in two tapers lighted, quick, dispatch.
Lest Remēber Bruse, thy charge. Come Lords away.

All, but Oxford and Hugh.

Away, wee will away.

Bring in two white Tapers.

Ox. Harke Lester but one word, a little stay.
Helpe mee good Hubert, helpe me gentle Queene.
Againe conferre,

K. How dim these Tapers burne: they giue no light.
Here were two beautionous Lamps, & could haue taught
The Sunne to shine by day, the Moone by night:
But they are dim too: cleane extinguished.
Away with these, sith those faire lights be dead.

Ox. And as I say, harke Bruse vnto our talke.
Thinke you it is for loue of England, Lewis comes?
Nap: Fraunce is not so kinde: I would it were.
Aduise your selues; harke, dost thou heare me Bruse?
Br. Oxford, I doe.

Ox. Can noble English hearts beare the French poke?
No Lester: Richmond thinke on Lewys fire,
That le't you, and your king, in Palestine.

Qu. And think beside, you know not Lewys nature,
Whom may be as bad as Iohn, or rather worse than he.

P

Hu,

The death of Robert

Ro. And looke my Lords vpon his silent woe:
His soule is at the dooze of death I knowe.
See how he seekes to suck, if he could drinke,
Poysen from dead matildaes ashy lips.
He be swoyne his very heart strings nips.
A vengeance on that slaue, that cursed *Brand*,
He kill him if I lue, with this right hand.

Ox. Thou canst not Hubert, he hath kild himselfe:
But to our matter. **Lester**, pray thee speake.
Young Bruse, for gods sake let vs knowe thy minde.

Bru. I would be loath to be a strangers slaue:
For Englands loue, I would no French king haue.

Lest. Well Oxford, if I be deceiu'd in Iohn againe,
Its long of you, Lord Hubert, and the Queene.
Yield vp the Castle Bruse, weele once moze try
King Iohns proceedings. Oxford, tell him so.

*Oxford goes to the king, does his duety, and talkes
with him.*

Br. I will come downe: but first farewell dear mother.
Kisse her.

Farewell pooze little George, my pretty brother.
Now will I shut my Chambers in againe.
Farewell, farewell.

In euerlasting blisse your sweete soules dwell.

Ox. But you must mend yfatch, in fatch you must.

Lest. My Lord, once moze your subjects do submit,
Beseeching you to thinke how things haue past,
And let some comfort shine on vs your friends,
Thzough the bright splendour of your vertuous life.

K. I thanke you all; and **Lester** I protest,
I will be better than I yet haue beene.

Br. Of Windsor Castle here the keyes I yield.

K. Thanks Bruse: forgine mee, and I pray thee see
Thy mother and thy brother buried,
Bruse offers to kisse matilda,

Earle of Huntingdon.

In Windsor Castle Church, Doe, kisse her cheek:

Weepe thou on that, on this side I will weepe.

Q. Chaste virgine, thus I crowne thee wth these flowers.

K. Let vs goe on to Dunmow with this maide:

Among the hallowed Nunnes let her be laide:

Unto her tombe, a monthly pilgrimage

Doth king John vowe in penance for this wrong.

Goe forward maids: on with Matildæes herse,

And on her Toombe see you ingraue this verse;

Within this Marble monument, doth lye

Matildæa martyrde, for her chastitie, *Excunt.*

Epilogus.

Thus is Matildæes story showne in act,

And rough heauen out by an vncunning hand:

Being of the most materiall points compacte,

That with the certainst stare of truth doe stand.

FINIS.

